THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
Copyright, 1947, by American Weekly, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.
Week of June 29, 1947

Beauty on Parade

A Series of Paintings by
DAVID WRIGHT

SECRET *Love Story* OF A KING

By Howard Whitsell

WHEN the end came recently for His Majesty George II, King of Greece, it solved the greatest problem that had ever confronted that monarch, but it left a question that will never be answered: Would King George have emulated King Edward VIII of England and have given up his crown for "the woman I love"?

Only the King himself knew. Now the world will never know.

The woman in the case, who might supply the answer to the question, maintains silence. She played a dignified and heroic role all through.

She is Mrs. Joyce Brittain-Jones, former wife of an officer in the Black Watch Regiment.

In her middle 40s, Mrs. Brittain-Jones is a tall, attractive Englishwoman with a passion for obscurity, who favors tweeds rather than silks and satins. She has a daughter, Pauline, 19.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

Out of the Murk Suddenly Appeared a Tall, Sweet-Faced Woman. As He Was About to Board a Plane, She Said Farewell, Wished Him Godspeed and Left.

King George met Mrs. Brittain-Jones in India, where her husband was aide to Lord Willingdon, then Viceroy, in 1935—the same year that saw George recalled from the exile into which he was forced 11 years before by the government of General Gonotas.

In the July of that year, George's wife, Queen Elizabeth, daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania, had divorced him in Bucharest. The following year, Mrs. Brittain-Jones divorced her husband in England.

During the 12 years since the India meeting, the names of the Englishwoman and the King of Greece were coupled in "inner circle" gossip about the courts and chancelleries of Europe. Few outside of these select coteries suspected romance.

Mrs. Brittain-Jones divided her time between her daughter in England and George in Greece. Mrs. Brittain-Jones was immensely popular with the King's relatives. According to authentic accounts, she was accepted as one of the family. Those who knew George believed that she brought him the only happiness he had known.

When in England, Mrs. Brittain-Jones lived an unostentatious life. Although her friendship with the Greek King was an open secret in English court circles, she was welcomed in the top-ranking society drawing rooms. The Duchess of Kent, George's cousin, still is one of her closest friends.

Mrs. Brittain-Jones was with the King in Athens when the Germans swarmed into Greece in the dark days of 1941.

She remained with him until he was compelled to flee. She was at his side, a shadowy figure, on the perilous flight to Crete, where the couple barely escaped capture by parachutists when Hitler's airborne army descended on that isle. On another occasion the fleeing King and his companion were fired on by Allied troops who thought they were Nazis in Greek uniform.

Eventually they were snatched from Crete by a British destroyer and ran the gantlet of Stuka divebombers to Cairo, Egypt, and safety.

Shortly after that flight, Mrs. Brittain-Jones returned to London and took work in an arms plant. And in due course, George followed her and set up residence at Claridge's Hotel.

The King sometimes visited the Englishwoman's suburban home, and frequently they were fellow guests in the homes of the British nobility.

Those war years of exile told heavily on George. More and more he sought the company and comfort of the unselfish woman who had now become such an integral part of his life that he considered formal surrender of his royal rights and marriage with her. That he did not do so is attributed to the influence of Mrs. Brittain-Jones, who always placed his welfare before hers.

Once a report was widely circulated that the Greek King and the Englishwoman had been married in a secret ceremony at a London registry office. This was flatly denied by a Greek court spokesman.

When King George visited the United States in 1943, Mrs. Brittain-Jones accompanied him. But so well did she use her gift for blending into backgrounds that she wasn't noticed. She seems to have a personality endowed with a protective coloration that is a drug to curiosity.

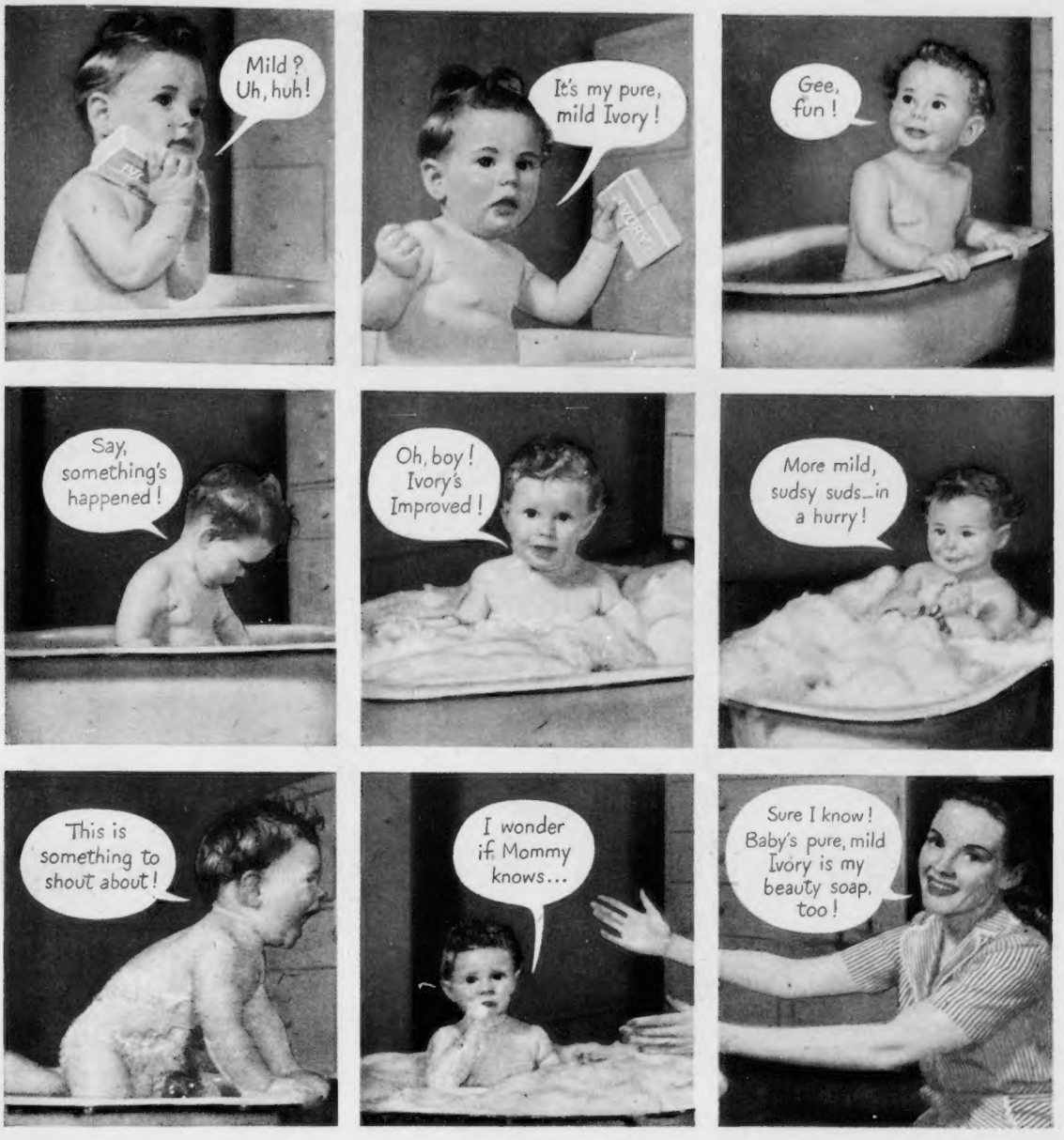
A crisis in the association was reached when George was recalled to the throne by the plebiscite of last fall.

Wisps of mist drifted down the Thames as his limousine bore him out of London. The suburbs were deep in fog. In even the beginning of this departure, he knew, he was plunging from a way of life back to another, with no return.

At the airport, in the early morning grayness, one last reminder of earlier days abruptly confronted him. Out of the murk suddenly appeared a tall, sweet-faced woman. As he was about to board a plane, she said farewell, wished him Godspeed and left.

The exiled monarch was less than enthusiastic about resuming his Kingship. Insiders gave credit to Mrs. Brittain-Jones for his final decision to return to Athens. It was said that he consented to take the throne only on condition that the Englishwoman would follow him to Greece.

It may never be made public why this condition was not carried out. It is known that George begged her to come. But, whatever the cause, Mrs. Brittain-Jones never again saw him. He died on April 1st. Had he not, there might have been another "woman I love" abdication.


Mild? Uh, huh!
It's my pure, mild Ivory!
Gee, fun!
Say, something's happened!
Oh, boy! Ivory's Improved!
More mild, sudsy suds...in a hurry!
This is something to shout about!
I wonder if Mommy knows...
Sure I know! Baby's pure, mild Ivory is my beauty soap, too!

Now Ivory Makes Extra Suds Faster...You'll Love It!

The same pure, mild suds—and more of them! Baby, what news! Improved Ivory swishes up faster suds, longer-lasting suds, even more cuddly suds!

Baby'll find 'em fun in the tub—and so smooth and gentle for her tender skin. More doctors, you know, recommend Ivory than other soap!

Your skin never outgrows Ivory . . . And *you'll* find these faster Ivory suds kind and gentle to *your* skin, too. In fact, if you have been careless about your skin, now's the time to change to regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Then you can have *That Ivory Look* in just one week.

Yes, take a little hint from baby: wherever soap and water touch your skin, use Ivory—the most famous soap in the world—now improved, now sudsier than ever!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap... 99 44/100% PURE...IT FLOATS

The Girl Who Wouldn't Quit

Thelma Borrowed a Power Machine, Finished Her First Fur Coats on the Kitchen Table Under a Bridge Lamp.

By Jack Stone

THERE was a time when oblivion would have been almost welcome to Thelma Todd. The nagging misery of a deformed hip, the torture of drug-sodden nerves, the bleak prospect of lifetime inactivity—these were the depressing burdens that weighed down her spirit.

She might have retreated into self-pity and apathetic acceptance of her apparent fate. But courage flickered in the heart of Thelma Todd.

It almost burned out at times—but never quite. Something strong and beautiful in the character of the pretty, 28-year-old, blue-eyed blonde kept that courage alive.

Today it flares brightly.

For today, instead of being a tragic nonentity, Thelma Todd is a person of importance—successful in her own right.

Thelma was born on a farm near Shelbina, Mo. Her mother was killed in an accident when she was 15 and she and a brother and sister went to live in Milwaukee during the school season. At 18 she was a country schoolteacher in Missouri.

Attracted by the thought of city life, Thelma set out to conquer Milwaukee. She was 19, ambitious, intelligent. She tramped the streets looking for a job. There was none.

In desperation she turned to housework, earning six dollars a week. From birth she had been afflicted with her hip dislocation, but aside from a noticeable limp it had given her little discomfort.

Now, however, at the outset of her career pilgrimage, it began to pain her unbearably. A doctor prescribed mild drugs for temporary relief. She took them, but they did little good. She began to think of her condition as incurable and in this distraught frame of mind it became easier and easier for her to take the drugs in double, and then quadruple, doses. Still the pain persisted.

Finally, in 1941, she consulted the Milwaukee County Dispensary. She was told she was a drug addict. She was also advised to undergo an operation to ankylose (knit) her hip. Positive results could not be promised, but without the operation she might become a cripple doomed to a wheelchair for the rest of her life.

Earl Todd, Thelma's father, begged her not to take the chance. She hesitated not at all. "I knew that this was the turning point of my life," she said. "I could either turn back or go ahead. And how I wanted to go ahead!"

Dr. L. D. Smith, orthopedic surgeon who performed the operation, said:

"The hip socket on one side was shallow. It had no shelf. The femur—the large bone from knee to hip—glided up and down. We had to deepen the socket and turn over the shelf and then ankylose with bone grafts taken from the brim of the pelvis."

Suffering from post-operative shock, Thelma needed transfusions, but the right type of blood was not immediately available. The situation became desperate.

Then it was discovered that her cousin, Herbert Jochims, had the right type. He gave a pint and a half of blood in one night. Word of the girl's plight had gotten around. Milwaukee policemen and firemen helped. Thelma rallied.

For two years she lay bound up in a cast. Then she had to have a second operation and for another year lay helpless in bed in a cast.

During her first period of convalescence Thelma had made her home with relatives. Downstairs her cousin Herbert—the man whose blood had saved her life—operated a fur shop.

On her crutches and in her cast Thelma helped out. She learned how to make fur coats, how to deal with customers, how to run a business. A dream was born: some day she would have a shop of her own.

After the second operation there was no little fur shop to which she might return. The war was on and the Jochims had gone into defense work.

She lived with friends, the Tony Weinleins. Weinlein was inducted. His wife moved to be near him. Thelma begged: "Let me stay in the flat." They consented.

"I knew there was a big demand for fur finishing," Thelma recounted. "I went out on my crutches and canvassed furrier shops for finishing work. I had some materials, a borrowed power machine—and a terrible yen to make good. Those first fur coats were finished on the kitchen table under a bridge lamp.

"I worked hard. Bit by bit I fixed up one room as a work shop and then I didn't have to eat fur in my meals."

She hired two girls and things were looking up. Then, suddenly, the fur season was over.

"I discarded my crutches and got an office job until the season started up again," she said. "I'd saved $150. I had cards printed advertising 'Milwaukee's first fur finishing service.' The response was terrific.

"I rented a small basement shop and called back my two helpers. Soon I had seven girls working for me."

Many a night Thelma sat alone under a green-shaded lamp until midnight, finishing a coat promised for eight o'clock in the morning. She took in wholesale work to supplement her retail business and as the retail trade grew she abandoned the wholesale. Now her work is all retail.

The future is bright for Thelma Todd. And it is a future of her own making.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By Booton Herndon

Who Is Henrietta

EVERYTHING was ready for the wedding, which, although it was in Munich, was to be more American than German. The beaming GI corporal was whispering to his best man, who was feeling nervously in his pocket for the ring. The slim dark-haired bride seemed radiant for a moment with an almost unearthly beauty and then, suddenly, she burst into tears.

"I can't do it," she sobbed. "I can't marry him because I might spoil his life. How can I have a future when I don't have a past?"

Still weeping, Henrietta left the chapel, leaning on the arm of John Winter, special investigator at the American Army's Munich air base. Even more than before, those in the wedding party wondered who and what she was—a throwback to some uncatalogued civilization of the past, a dainty cosmopolite whose mental processes were weirdly scrambled by the horrors of wartime internment?

The wisp of battlefront jetsam who is, perhaps, the most mysterious woman in the world today arrived during the closing days of the war in the town of Hof. UNRRA officials found her, dazed, speechless and apparently starving, and took her to a hospital.

In her handbag was a German identity card which gave her name as Henrietta de Bouyse and said she was a citizen of Chile, born Jan. 21, 1921, "in San Juan on the Chilean-Brazilian border." The card was palpably in error, since Chile and Brazil do not touch.

Food, rest and gentle care soon restored her health but she still stared blankly at questioners. Suspecting she might be a spy Army psychologists took over.

Under the influence of this so-called "truth serum" Henrietta began to talk, first in a peculiar birdlike language that no one could understand, then gradually in snatches of English, German and French. She spoke of her father, seemingly a diplomat who had lived in Chile, Brazil, Canada and various parts of Europe and Asia. She remembered her mother, an Indonesian temple dancer. She mentioned that Sumner Welles, former Undersecretary of State, was a friend of her father.

The drug wore off, and with it went Henrietta's memory. But now she could talk.

She spoke French and German well, but not like a native. Her English had an odd accent. Her native tongue seemed to be the melodious warbling which had come first from her subconscious.

There was a phrase which sounded like "stresdan duwja," which she said meant that the world was beautiful. Constantly she reiterated "san daza bre," which she translated as, "I want to find my father."

A professor from the University of Munich who had a working knowledge of 85 languages and dialects listened to Henrietta's musical babblings and shook his head.

"It resembles nothing that I ever heard," he said. "It sounds a little like Sanskrit might have been spoken, but that sacred language of the Hindus has been extinct for hundreds, thousands of years."

Henrietta's dark, indefinable beauty, her lithe grace and vivacity, the depths of her large somnolent eyes made her popular despite occasional spells of melancholy.

Talents other than linguistic began to appear. She knew music, classic and modern, Brahms and Gershwin. She rode well. Her bridge game was good and she even knew poker. She could discuss science, art and literature, and she had a knowledge of astronomy that made aerial navigation officers gasp.

She spoke of London, Paris, Marseilles and Berlin with familiarity and she mentioned Canada and Ohio, although not as intimately as if she had lived there.

Fragments of her past came up occasionally to plague her, but failed to jog her memory. Someone mentioned Breslau in a conversation and Henrietta suddenly seemed to freeze.

"Breslau," she said. "Breslau . . . I remember a bombing . . . Everything falling . . . screams . . . curses . . . groans . . ." She put her head on her arms and soobed.

A gypsy woman saw her at the Munich airport and threw her arms around her. "I am so glad to see you alive," she said in a Balkan patois. "Don't you remember me at Auschwitz?" Henrietta didn't remember. She didn't even know that Auschwitz was the Nazi death camp in Poland where most inmates either died or lost their minds.

She heard that one of the prosecutors at the Nuernberg war crimes trials was named de Bouyse and dashed off to find him. When she returned, disappointed, she tried to take her own life, but even that attempt was beyond ordinary comprehension.

She used no weapon and no drug, yet she was found in a deep coma that would have ended in death if restoratives hadn't been applied at once.

The Army, convinced that she was no spy, gave her a job at the American air field at Munich. It was there she met the corporal. He was so deeply in love with Henrietta that he couldn't take his eyes off her and she seemed sufficiently impressed by his sincerity to agree to marry him. And then, at the last minute, she found that she couldn't.

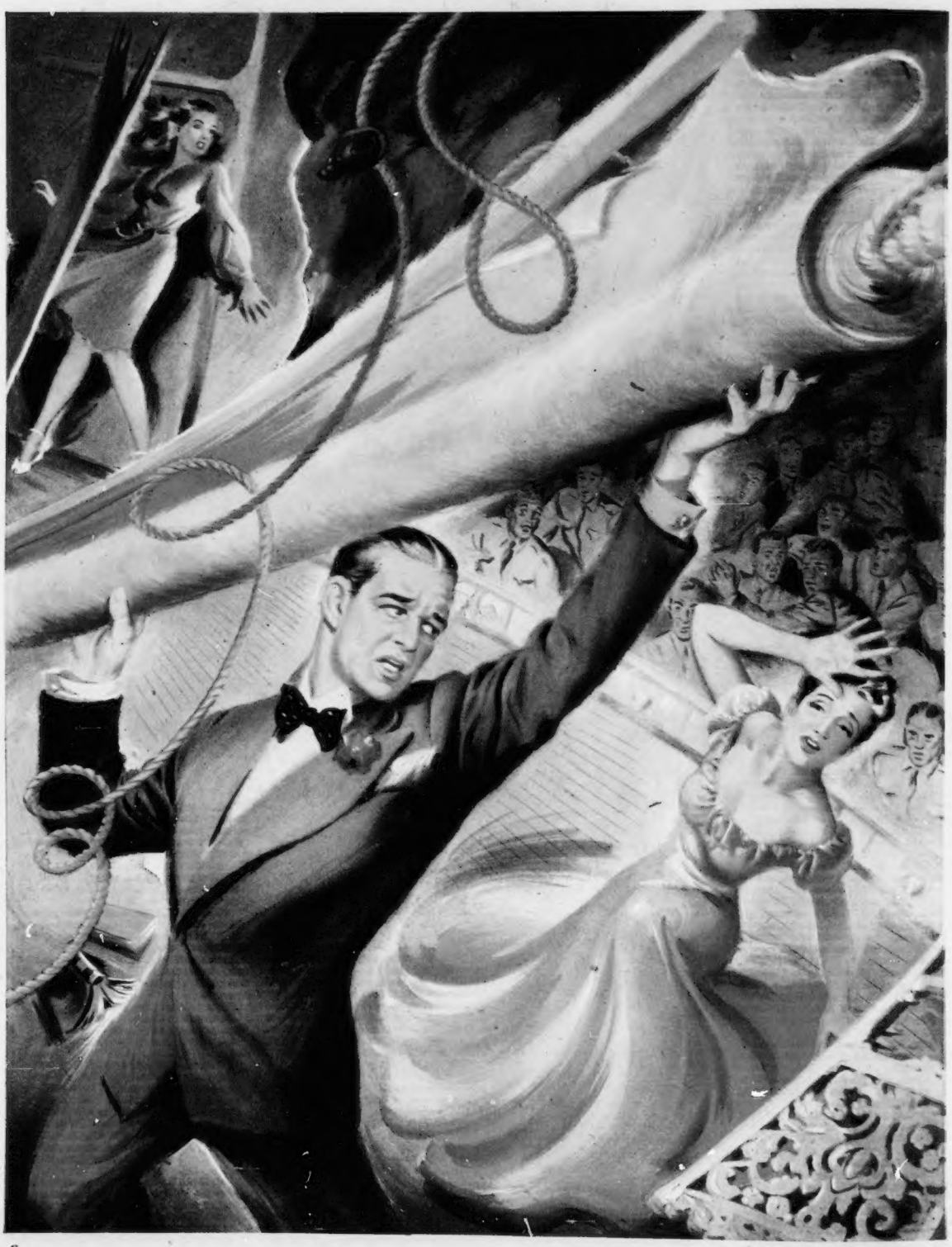
As this is written, no key has been found to unlock the mystic puzzle of her memory and Henrietta must agree with Edgar Allan Poe:

"All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."

Henrietta de Bouyse—a Birdlike Citizen of Never-Never Land as Far as Experts—and Even Herself—Can Tell.

The Bomb's Blast Staggered Them. Alfred Braced a Falling Drop With His Arms to Protect Lynn. Then He Uttered the Playwright's Right Line for the Right Place: "Are You All Right, Darling?"

The LUNTS



—in 25 Happy Scenes

By Ashton Stevens
Dean of American Drama Critics

Vandamm Studio

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne — 25 Years Married, They Don't Feel Their Natural Selves Unless They Are Together.

WHEN Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne appeared in "There Shall Be No Night" (their 18th play together; they're now on their 20th), he commented: "It's the first time in years that we've been respectably married."

As a matter of fact, they've been respectably, and happily, married 25 years this theatrical season. That's an accomplishment to match the vast armful of afternoon and evening glories that will sparkle in their anniversary bouquet.

"She is the only woman I know whom 20 pounds of flesh turned into a beauty," wrote Lynn Fontanne's once stout friend, the late Laurette Taylor.

When Alfred and Lynn were married on May 26, 1922, he agreed that she should keep her well-won name and not follow the example of England's Margaret Robertson who, upon wedding with a notable actor, became 50 per cent of the histrionic firm of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Yes, it was all right to keep on being Lynn Fontanne. But not, most positively not, LEAN Fontanne.

Not to fuss finding better words for it than Kipling's "rag and a bone and a hank of hair," Miss Fontanne was skinny. That's what she calls it. Mr. Lunt says she was undernourished, and that he remedied that by putting on an apron and going out into the kitchen and cooking the savory morsels which would tempt her to eat and gain.

In God's good time Mr. Lunt became skillful with a chef's spoon and his bride a young woman whose beauty was questioned only by herself.

She was not Mrs. Lunt the first time I looked into her cool brown eyes off-stage, noting that her well-drawn nose and chin were held high and that this trig, smart, lean little English girl was as crisp as lettuce ought to be.

"I'm not a very good looking girl," she was presently telling me. "But I am rather picturesque in a gauche and angular way. With lots of trouble, with infinite care in the choice of clothes, I contrive to look smart."

Really, I'm not the man who should be writing about the Lunts—I've known them too long and too well. But speaking of Mrs. Lunt's infinite care in looking smart reminds me of a comparatively recent visit to "Ten Chimneys," the Lunt farm at Genesee Depot, Wis., where I was moved to remark that no place but London could have turned out the inerrantly cut tailor-made in which Mrs. Lunt was this day turned out.

She smiled and revealed a secret. "These tweed ready-mades I picked up at a shop in our neighboring little town of Waukesha." I said something about fine birds making their own fine feathers, and it didn't seen any brighter than it does now.

I don't think Mr. Lunt gets his clothes in Waukesha—not that he couldn't if they had the right drape and material for his lengthy legs, concave midriff and convex wishbone. The only home-grown wear I've ever seen on this undownably handsome gentleman are the high-waisted, short-ankled sky-blue pants he wears around the Lunt farm. Alfred wore tinted trousers long before Technicolor slacks hit Hollywood. He enjoyed them more than his mother did—if I am to believe the following in one of his letters:

"Nor must I forget to tell you, my dear Ashton, that my mother has a very funny description of the way I dress in the country. She says I always look as though I had just escaped from a burning house."

But none but a master tailor can rig him right for stage or drawing room or a sneak peek at a burlesque show or its reasonable facsimile, just as none but a virtuoso of the needle can build the grand gowns in which Lynn is sheathed when the Lunts go to town.

Anyhow, you have only to look at this comely couple not to wonder at their unconcealable love for each other. The day they married they were living happily ever after. They have stubbornly refused to learn how to quarrel.

True, they argue; but not like most married folk. They argue at rehearsals, mainly, and when an irresistible Alfred meets an immovable Lynn, or vice versa, they leave the deadlock to be pried open by the vote of their associate players. But on most things they think unilaterally, one for both, and both for one.

I think Love (with a capital, please, Mr. Printer) has found them the way. And I don't mean the love-bird kind, nor the sticky stuff—just Love, felt rather than flourished, understood rather than defined. Lynn tells how Alfred, believing her to be in danger, found a richer and stronger emotion for one of his lines in the comedy they presented later at New York's Empire Theatre, Terence Rattigan's "O Mistress Mine."

It was when the play was called "Love in Idleness" and they were acting it overseas near battle fields and in hospitals and on improvised platforms. There came a performance when the bombing was almost as potent as what circus men dreadfully know as a blow-down.

The players staggered with the blast and so did the scenery. Alfred braced a falling drop with his tall body and uplifted arms; and even while doing so he turned his head to see what had befallen Lynn. She was still there. Alfred commanded the play to go on by uttering as he never had uttered it before, what had certainly become the author's right line for the right place:

"ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DARLING?"

And Lynn would have liked to join in the wild cheering of the audience.

There is no play in the Lunts' considerable repertory that provides her with a line adequately reciprocal.

"We have not yet acted," Lynn tells you, "Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra'."

To say that the First Lady and Gentleman of our theatre are inseparable is a just usage of that word. They admit they don't feel their natural selves unless they are together. And they are as likely to say "natural self" as "natural selves," for each regards himself and herself as only one of the halves which when united with the other completes the whole.

When Mrs. Lunt rarely overstays her shopping time Mr. Lunt paces the rugs anxiously, his hands deep in trouser pockets lest he gnash his nails. He would bite his moustache on these infrequent insufferable occasions, only he hasn't one.

Larry Farrell, the Lunts' manager for 20 years, nutshells it: "One is the right arm, the other the left." That takes care of both the "lead with the left" and the "right cross."

Stage managers Chuck Bowden and Charva Chester and Secretary Renee Orsell agree that their employers are indivisible. And when you mention to Alfred a word that is mentioned in their current comedy he echoes it in horror: "Divorce!" and with his head back and his lids down he groans, "It's too shocking even to think about." Mention the word to Lynn and she inhales a disdainful silence. I do not think the Lunts would enjoy a divorce.

They relish and remember each other's wit. In the prologue of "Amphitryon 38," Alfred Lunt's Jupiter and Richard Whorf's Mercury lay prone upon a cloud with, apparently, only their midriffs concealed. Papier-mache heroically moulded made the spectacle grotesquely realistic.

One of the maiden-lady subscribers of the Theatre Guild knowingly told Mrs. Lunt that she had discovered just how her husband and Mr. Whorf did it. "Like magicians," she said, "they do it with mirrors."

"Yes, like magicians," Mr. Lunt says Mrs. Lunt agreed. "But not with mirrors—they do it with false bottoms."

They relish and remember any bit of constructive criticism that has been written their way. Alfred says that Lynn's step on the stage did not reach its present perfection until a critic entitled one of his essays, "An Actress Is As Old As She Walks." Lynn says that Alfred was permanently discouraged of up-rolling his eloquent orbs in scenes of excitement when this critic warned fellow sharpshooters, "Don't shoot till you see the whites of his eyes."

They now make a laughing duologue of the consternation with which Lynn saw the first "rushes" of their eventually triumphant motion-picture adventure in "The Guardsman."

Mrs.: I can't go on with it, Alfred. Wait till you see us. The camera has extracted my eyes and changed my face so that it looks like the face of some person I wouldn't care to know.

Mr.: How'm I?

Mrs.: What?

Mr.: Darling, how'm I?

Mrs.: Oh, charming, dear; perfectly wonderful as you always are. You may have to do a little something with your makeup. It looks as though you didn't have any lips. But, really, Alfred, I can't go on, you know. What shall I do?

THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE. THEN:

Mr.: No lips, eh?

The Lunts love to laugh with and at each other. They are the hardest-working people on the stage and their laughter is virtually their only relief and relaxation.

YOUNG troupers who burn the midnight CREPES SUZETTES in gilt supper clubs and sleep till mid-afternoon have told me that the Lunts, who honor the night with slumber and welcome the morning sun, must lead a very dull life indeed. And I wonder where these youngsters will be when their years, if not their art, has matured them.

The Lunts have won their race to distinction by side-stepping the loafer life so inviting to conspicuous young practitioners of their job. These thoroughbreds have served their theatre, first, last and all the time.

Do I hear the derisive ha-ha of some two-bottle juvenile or night-blooming ingenue? All right, kids. Keep laughing. But the Lunts will laugh last.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

There's nothing artificial about the flavor of this margarine —

SWIFT'S Allsweet Vegetable OLEOMARGARINE

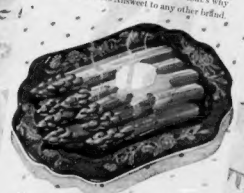
delicate natural flavor!

Nationally Distributed VITAMIN A Vitamin Fortified

YOUR CHILDREN NEED the nutritive values Allsweet abundantly supplies. No table spread is richer in food energy, or more easily digested. And Allsweet is a dependable source of Vitamin A. Swift & Company, whose business is nutrition, fortifies every pound with at least 15,000 units!

Because Allsweet is the most asked-for of all brands, your dealer may not always have it. But keep an eye out for that sunny yellow package; enjoy delicious Allsweet just as often as you can.

SEVEREST TEST of margarine flavor is on hot vegetables or toast. *Just taste* Allsweet! Its flavor is *perfection* . . . so delicate, so natural. A true farm product, Allsweet is made of choicest food oils blended with cultured pasteurized skim milk. *Finer flavor*—that's why America prefers Allsweet to any other kind.



EASY TO COLOR! Smooth-spreading Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it yellow for table use, an *exclusive easier-spreading* packet of pure coloring is provided with each pound.

ALLSWEET

THE BRAND THEY ASK FOR FIRST!

SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

By Irmis Johnson

EVERY day, somewhere in this country, some incompetent is fired from his job because he doesn't work hard enough or get results.

The case of Dorothy Wilcox, art instructor for three years at the Norwalk (Conn.) High School, is different in many ways.

She was told that her teaching services wouldn't be required any more because, according to complaints against her, she worked too many hours each day and the results she got from her pupils were too good to be credible.

Those pupils were winning prizes, right and left, at regional and state-wide art contests, but instead of expressing his pride in their achievement, Mr. Eric Malmquist, principal of the high school, merely voiced an implied suspicion.

In a lengthy letter to Supt. Philip Jakob he said:

"The work of her students shows a dominant pattern.

"She affects their work to the point where there is a reasonable doubt as to the validity of the students' authorship."

Mr. Malmquist also pointed out that "Work on contests such as the recent Connecticut interscholastic school conference contests (where eight of Mrs. Wilcox's pupils won prizes) results in so much overtime that both she and the students are exhausted."

Added to the implication that the pretty, blond art instructor was palming off her own drawings and paintings as the work of her class, Principal Malmquist complained that she talked too much, never admitted a mistake and always had an alibi.

One hundred and fifty students don't agree with Mr. Malmquist, however, and have signed a petition in which they say Mrs. Wilcox is the best teacher that could be had.

"She always has given us help whenever we needed it," they say, "but she has by no means ever done our work for us."

Parents have joined in the art teacher's defense.

LITTLE TEACHER WITH *Big Ideas*

Dorothy Wilcox — the Principal Thought the Results She Got From Her Pupils Were Too Good.

Some Norwalk High School Art — Above, La Grosse Haringe, by J. Larlac, 18; Right, Horse's Head, by Ernest Peterson, 18.

Yet, when a closed hearing was called by the Board of Education recently to discuss the reasons for dropping her from the school system, Mrs. Wilcox did not appear.

"If I had accepted the hearing offered me I would have committed professional suicide," the art instructor declared. She had requested, through her attorney, J. Richard Fay, that the hearing be open to the public and that she be allowed to keep a stenographic record of all testimony and references.

This was denied, and the Board of Education has indicated that the matter is closed.

The townspeople of Norwalk don't seem to agree with that decision, however, and have circulated a petition that Dorothy Wilcox be given a fair and public hearing.

As for the little teacher herself, she says she will "continue to fight to the limit" and that she expects to go on with her teaching career.

The young-ters who have defended her integrity all say, "If there is another teacher to take her place we'll be lost without her."

Even the students who were not in her classes are rooting for the little teacher with the big ideas. She may have had to shout to get attention in her classroom, as Mr. Malmquist complained, but she didn't even have to whisper an appeal for loyalty.

Olivebelle's Evil Star

By Warren Hall

THE evil star that seems to have been in the sky when Olivebelle Hamon was born is still in the ascendancy.

Successively, death has robbed her (by murder) of her father, who made millions but left her scarcely anything, of a fiancee (in battle) on whom she pinned such hopes, and of an ex-husband (by suicide) who loved her beyond understanding.

Olivebelle was the daughter of Jake Hamon, who made millions in Oklahoma oil and then became active in national politics.

It hadn't been an easy climb for Jake. He was a small-time operator in Lawton, Okla., when he married Georgia Perkins. When Jake Jr. and Olivebelle arrived, he was just beginning to get ahead. A niece by marriage, Clara Smith, was clerking in the local store. She was young, vibrant, susceptible, and Jake fell in love with her. In 1911 he left Lawton for Ardmore, Okla., taking Clara with him. Mrs. Hamon and the children moved to an apartment in Chicago.

Officially Clara was Jake's secretary. She married Hamon's nephew Frank, but later declared she had "never lived with Frank for one minute." Frank, who was reputedly paid $100 for this marriage of convenience, moved to San Francisco and Jake and Clara took adjacent rooms at Ardmore's Randol Hotel.

The arrangement continued for about nine years, during which Jake amassed his millions. He and Clara were always together. She entertained his guests, wore beautiful clothes, drove her own car.

When Jake started moving in high political circles, he felt the necessity of wooing respectability and began to take an active interest in his family. For the first time in a decade, Mrs. Hamon entertained her husband's political friends. Olivebelle, who had become something of a musical child prodigy, was taken into the "smoke-filled conference rooms" and introduced as "my wonderful daughter."

One Sunday evening late in November, 1920, Jake staggered from the Randol Hotel and tottered unassisted to a hospital, where he died a week later from a bullet wound in the stomach. Although he insisted he had shot himself accidentally, detectives took up the trail of Clara Smith, who had fled to Mexico.

A month later she returned to Ardmore and surrendered on a charge of murder. In her sensational trial, she insisted that Jake had come home drunk, had swung at her with a chair that she had taken a pistol from her handbag and that it had gone off when the chair hit her. A jury promptly acquitted her.

Hamon's estate, which had been left to his wife and children, was valued at $3,000,000, but by the time various litigations were settled it had vanished. Olivebelle had nothing to fall back on except her musical talent.

Assuming the name of Loma Worth, she got a job in the chorus of a Chicago night club. Gradually she mastered more and more musical instruments until she could play 18 and toured as "The One-Girl Band."

Traveling in trains bored Olivebelle, or Loma, as she now preferred to be called, so she took up flying. She bought a small plane and piloted herself from city to city. In 1930 she planned a flight from England to Capetown but when she arrived in London officials refused to let her make the attempt.

In Seattle she met Robert Short, another aviation enthusiast, and fell in love with him. They wanted to marry but he had no job and didn't think he ought to be supported by his wife. The Chinese government offered him a fat contract for a year to fly against the Japs and he took it.

"We'll get married as soon as I return," he promised Olivebelle.

He was killed in his first flight.

For a long time Olivebelle didn't care very much what happened. She took out a marriage license with Roy David Gatewood, a Kansas City promoter, but didn't go through with it. At about the same time she was engaged simultaneously to Forrest Cross, a Marine Corps lieutenant, and Pedro Llanuza, a newspaper cartoonist. They both passed out of the picture and she married Lawrence Waters, a Brooklyn electrician, but that didn't last long.

Nine years ago she capitulated to Lee Cooper, a tall, strapping ex-bandsman who owned a music store in Chicago and had been keeping her musical instruments in repair while he pleaded with her to marry him.

Olivebelle gave up her career and became a housewife. Domesticity agreed with her. She seemed, if anything, to be younger and more glamourous than before. Cooper was still madly in love with her when she left him in 1946 and got a divorce.

There was no publicity last February when Olivebelle married William Augsberger, a Chicago businessman, but Cooper found out about it. Three weeks later he was discovered dead in his shop with an emptied vial of poison at his side.

Olivebelle appeared at the inquest at the request of the police. She broke down when the coroner read a note that Cooper had addressed to her. It said:

"Darling, I gambled my very life on your love, but lost. The money I have left and other papers and keys are in the safe deposit box. God bless you. Leo."

Plenty of Plaintive Melodies Linger in the Mind of Olivebelle Hamon, Who Used to Be Booked as "The One-Girl Band," and Now There's Another Poignant Note.

Sparkling hair that thrills men!

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Your hair can be your most intriguing charm—when you know this special secret of shining *natural* hair beauty. For whether your hair is honey blonde or raven black, sunny brown or fiery red—whether it's straight or curly—it's your natural hair *appeal* that wins the eyes of men. And more and more women of all ages are discovering that Lustre-Creme Shampoo is the winning secret of True Hair Loveliness! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that whips up luxurious lather like magic in hard or soft water—sweeps dullness away—and in its place leaves hair heavenly soft, shining, delightfully obedient. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit combined gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic new cream that offers your hair a stunning new sheen and finish. Let *your* hair be your most intriguing charm. Discover what true hair loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.

Four Ounces, $1.00;
Family 1 lb., $3.50;
also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Treating TB With Peroxide

By Paul I. Murphy

A winged angel of death hovers over our homes in the cities. It is tuberculosis.

Its hundreds of thousands of victims languish in deserts and mountains where, very frequently, they die in tragic isolation from those nearest and dearest to them. They are little children, men and women.

Medical developments, however, are bringing nearer than ever the day when most of the tuberculosis patients would be made well in the cities, either in or very close to their homes. Drs. B. J. Olson, Karl Habel and Willard R. Pig[illegible] of the National Institute of Health, have made a new T. B. Vaccine, with dead tuberculosis germs, that may prevent the disease among other members of the family of a patient.

As for treatment, streptomycin, the drug extracted from a mold organism, holds great promise. It has been used by Drs. Heyworth, N. Sanford and Donald E. O'Brien, of the University of Illinois to check and apparently clear up tuberculosis in four children from seven months to three years old, in daily treatments given only for one month.

From Boston comes a notable new treatment, whose effectiveness can be illustrated by a case

A New Medication Offers the Latest Hope of Combating the Dread Tubercle Bacillus, Which May Attack Every Organ of the Body and Which Spares Not Even the Youngest of Its Victims.

The man was a clerk who refused to consult a physician when friends began warning of how ill he looked.

One day, unable to continue his work, he visited his doctor, who diagnosed his case as tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis abscesses had affected his neck and groin. The drug, sulfathiazole, was applied, but did not check the infection. Even the wonder drug streptomycin—and other standard preparations, including sulfone, diasone and sulfanilamide—failed.

Only when a new medication—glycerite of hydrogen peroxide—was applied two to six times daily—did the patient show improvement.

Within six weeks his neck and groin had healed. Three months later he was back home—completely cured.

Glycerite of hydrogen peroxide offers a new hope of killing the bacillus of tuberculosis, especially when it is the cause of tuberculosis of the surface of the body—a condition for which no present day treatment is effective, other than the surgical removal of the infected glands.

The medication is in use experimentally as a mist in lung infections, with and without penicillin. According to a report by Dr. Harold A. Abramson in the Annals of Allergy, the drug almost immediately decreases coughing and lowers the temperatures in patients with tuberculosis of the larynx and lungs.

Tuberculosis of the lungs, however, in some cases exists in such forms that the glycerite of hydrogen peroxide mist as inhaled cannot reach the infection.

The drug can be used, though, without irritation on patients in whom the tubercle bacillus lies in parts of the lung which are reached by the solution.

This new step in the suppression of tubercular disease was taken by Dr. Ethan Allan Brown of Boston. By laboratory experiments, Dr. Brown and his colleague, Dr. L. W. Slanetz, proved that the tuberculosis bacillus is killed by glycerite of hydrogen peroxide in from one to two hours.

Dr. Brown and physicians of the Essex County Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Massachusetts studied patients with tuberculosis of the body surface. Each of the patients was treated for a short

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

[illegible] with glycerite of hydrogen peroxide.

As reported in "Science," the patient [illegible] less abscesses cleared up within two [illegible] months, following two to six daily applications of the medication.

Just how the bacillus of tubercu[illegible] the diseases is not known. The injection of killed bacteria into animals or patients who do not have tuberculosis, has no ill effects. However, of the same material to tubercular animals or patients causes [illegible] symptoms of a worsening of the disease.

The bacillus is covered with a [illegible] through which few, if any, antiseptic agents or bacterial agents can penetrate. Yet, the [illegible] permits the exit of a substance, phthi[illegible] which, when injected alone, causes the appearance of a tubercle.

The bacillus contains other substances which either are toxic to white blood corpuscles or neutralize the healing effects of the body. When the bacillus has been killed or removed, the infected tissues heal quickly.

Although tuberculosis of the lungs is the most generally known form of the disease, the bacillus can attack every organ of the body. Just as the remedy, which works in the laboratory on animals, will not always work in practice, so also the treatment successful for one form of the disease will not always be good for another.

Dr. C. J. Duca and Dr. M. A. Steinbach reported that a new sulfone, diasone, given as two per cent of the feeding in guinea pigs slightly retarded the course of the disease, and prolonged their lives, while another drug, thiouracil, retarded the disease but did not prolong life.

To keep summer things lovely
there is nothing like
PURE SOAP

Chiffon is all pure soap.
No purer soap
was ever made!

A Product of
Armour and Company

So your things stay lovely longer
when you always use
Chiffon!

Mild, gentle Chiffon is so kind to your hands
too—that's why Chiffon's top favorite for dishwashing!
Glasses sparkle! Dishes shine—and your hands
stay soft, lovely!

Johnny Ochsner and the Girl He Certainly Didn't Leave Behind Him, the Former Beth Gailey.

$2,000,000 Sweet talk

He Had a Sweetheart in Every Port the Navy Shipped Him To—and a Fortune to Back Up His Honeyed Words

By Gene Coughlin

DESPITE the vigilance and protection of the U. S. Navy, a doting mother, and even the FBI, Johnny Ochsner as a 20-year-old managed to get involved in three hectic romances, one marriage and a suit to have the marriage annulled.

No wonder, then, that Honolulu, San Francisco and Reno are waiting expectantly to see what he does now that he is 21 and his own master, as of May 30, and in possession of (1) a log of "sailor sweet talk" and (2) an estate valued at $2,000,000 a few years ago.

Possibly the estate shrunk during Johnny's service with the Navy and romance, but his scrapbook didn't. It tells how one teen-age beauty stowed away to follow him to Honolulu, where another pretty girl became a stowaway to trail him back to the States, where he said good-by to both and eloped with a divorcee.

Along with his fortune, Johnny may have inherited his romantic tendencies from his father, the late Washington Henry Ochsner, Stanford University geology professor.

When Ochsner died in 1927, leaving 2,500 acres of land appraised at $500, his estate attracted no particular attention.

A year later, however, when oil was discovered on the 2,500 acres in the fabulous Kettleman Hills district, the value of his estate skyrocketed to $10,000,000 and three women—his widow and two divorced wives—went to court.

After seven years of litigation, this settlement involving 60 per cent of the estate was reached:

Ex-wife No. 1, Mrs. Frances Ochsner, who said she had not learned of the divorce decree until his death, received 10 per cent of the estate.

Ex-wife No. 2, Mrs. Nancy Ochsner Baldy, mother of Winifred and Elizabeth Ochsner, received five per cent.

The widow, Mrs. Hilda Carling Ochsner, Johnny's mother, got 25 per cent. The three children, Johnny, Winifred and Elizabeth, it was decided, would divide 20 per cent when they reached their majorities.

Johnny's romantic complications started last year when, as a seaman 1/c, he met Marguerite Eve Human at a dance in San Rafael, Cal. Johnny said good-by when the Navy shipped him to Honolulu.

Marguerite didn't say anything then. She stowed away on the next ship with $2 in her purse and landed in Honolulu to reclaim her Johnny, preferably at the altar.

"It was love at first sight," said Marguerite. "His money doesn't mean anything to me. I'm young too—only 18."

In San Francisco, Johnny's mother sent out an SOS to the Navy.

The Navy looked up Hawaiian law and found a minor couldn't marry without parental consent. Marguerite was placed on probation and went to work in a Honolulu dime store. Johnny wrote his mother:

"Please don't worry about me. Margie doesn't mean a thing to me."

In the interim, while relations between Johnny and Margie were still friendly, he met a friend of hers, Teresa Briston. Teresa later told Navy authorities that she and Johnny took long walks on famed Waikiki Beach, when the moon was shining. As a result of other statements she made to the naval authorities, Johnny was thrown into the brig on serious charges. His mother, in California, sent out another SOS.

She then sent an attorney to Honolulu to investigate. Pretty soon, the charges were dropped for lack of evidence. Johnny was released and sent back to San Francisco.

A few days later Teresa reached the Golden Gate, a stowaway, and told reporters:

"Johnny is the only boy I've ever loved. He never proposed to me, but I sure wish he had."

Police, spurred on by Johnny's mother, found $800 in Teresa's hotel room. She explained a taxi driver had given her the money in Honolulu.

On the ship, Teresa said, she had "rolled" a passenger, obtaining $2,050, and had spent $1,000 on a "shopping tour."

The FBI stepped in, because the $2,050 theft had occurred on the high seas. Teresa was sentenced to serve three years in the Utah State Industrial Home for Girls.

Johnny stayed behind the sheltering walls of the Navy's Camp Shoemaker for two months, and then was given his discharge. He went home to mother, but not for long.

Five weeks after he met Beth Gailey, pretty blond divorcee, they drove to Reno and were married.

Mama Ochsner, understandably weary from her efforts to keep women away from her son, and vice versa, didn't react immediately. It wasn't until last April, seven months after the marriage, that she asked the courts to have it annulled. She claimed Beth was legally married to another man at the time and that Johnny was still a minor at the time.

On one point, his two discarded loves and the woman he married agree.

"He sure talks sweet," they sighed.

★ ★ ★ FAMOUS AMERICAN BREAKFASTS ★ ★ ★

FARM BREAKFAST

Fresh California Orange Juice

Fried Cornmeal Mush with Syrup **Sausage and Eggs**

Toast **Grape Jelly** **Coffee**

Americans may have different ideas about a favorite breakfast, but on one point all of us seem to agree. It should start with fresh California orange juice.

Down on the farm, for example, where appetites grow as tall as the corn, breakfast is really something! But without the orange juice it still lacks vitamin C. And that's the very vitamin health authorities say we should get at breakfast. As the charts show, California orange juice fills that need *abundantly!* And what could be a brighter, more delicious start for the day!

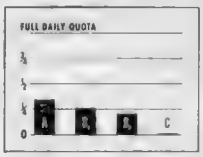
It's a good idea to keep Sunkist Oranges on hand . . . for juice, recipes, the lunch box or healthful eating any time. They are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers

. . .

You will be interested in our colorful new booklet, "Famous American Breakfasts." It is free, together with our popular orange recipe book. Write Sunkist, Dept. 1706, Los Angeles 55, California.

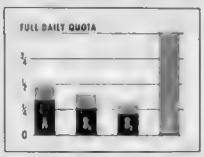
SEE HOW MUCH HEALTH ORANGE JUICE ADDS!

Without fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Here are the vitamins you get from an average good American breakfast* *without orange juice.* It falls short in vitamin C. This is true of most foods. Yet you need vitamin C daily to fight fatigue and infection, protect teeth and gums and keep feeling young.

With fresh California orange juice, breakfast supplies this much of the day's vitamin needs:



Oranges are your richest, cheapest source of vitamin C. A big glass of California orange juice fills your day's need and boosts other food values, too. That's why a glass of fresh California orange juice belongs in all good American breakfasts. Start with fresh California orange juice. Every day!

*Based on average good American breakfast of fruit, cereal, milk, bread and butter, egg, coffee.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Sunkist

BEST FOR JUICE—*and Every use!*

Uniform Divorce

Sketch by Karl Godwin

Senator Capper Feels the Institution of the Family in the United States Is Seriously Threatened.

By The Hon. Arthur Capper

United States Senator From Kansas

THE institution of the family is seriously threatened in the United States by 49 different and conflicting laws on the subject of marriage and divorce.

A man and woman living together in a community may be law-abiding citizens in that community; their children are entitled to the rights and privileges of the legally born.

But if the family moves even a few miles and crosses a state border into another community, the man may become a bigamist, and the children may neither bear their father's name nor inherit his property.

This is not a fanciful statement. There are thousands of cases where this, or something analogous to this, actually has occurred. Of course, intelligent people are not going to brand this man a bigamist. But that is exactly what his legal status is.

The more notorious cases make headlines in the nation's press. Laraine Day, the motion picture actress, had her name emblazoned from coast to coast a few weeks ago when she married Leo Durocher, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, in Texas the day after she received a restricted divorce in California.

Kathleen Winsor, author of "Forever Amber," found herself flirting with bigamy in Hollywood last November as the result of her Mexican divorce and subsequent marriage to the five-times-wed bandleader, Artie Shaw.

Doris Duke, once known as the "richest girl in the world," made the discovery that her Reno divorce from James H. R. Cromwell, former U. S. Minister to Canada, was worthless in New Jersey.

But it is the unpublicized marital difficulties of Mary Smith and Johnny Jones which are more apt to break hearts and ruin lives. The wholesale tragedy is a matter of record. In 1945, there were 1,618,331 marriages in the country and 502,000 divorces. In other words, for every three couples that went to the altar, one couple split up in a court.

The situation is rapidly getting more serious. According to the Census Bureau, we may expect 10 per cent as many divorces as marriages this year. The time-honored vow, "Until death do us part," has lost much of its meaning and promise. Judges do more and more of the parting.

AS A PEOPLE, we are disturbed by our divorce statistics. We have a right to be disturbed. They are now higher than those of any other country in the world. Divorces are steadily increasing toward the point where the family as a legal entity threatens to go out of existence.

Our marriage laws are just as bad as our divorce laws; in fact, the muddle is even worse from the viewpoint of family life and welfare of children.

In nearly a score of states there is no prohibition of the marriage of feeble-minded. In many states where there is a nominal prohibition of such marriages, these persons may marry upon the man's or woman's sworn statement—sworn statement of a moron or idiot, remember—that he or she considers himself or herself of legal mental capacity.

Twenty-three states recognize the common law marriage in some form. Seven states permit a 14-year-old boy and a 12-year-old girl to become husband and wife. In nine states the bride must be 14; in six others, 15 is regarded as "old enough," and in 26 states the high school sophomore of 16 can wed.

The time required to elapse between the filing of marital intentions and the granting of the license is no less conflicting. A five-day wait is sufficient in nine states, while in 26 others "marry as soon as you wish" is the rule.

WHILE varying versions of blood tests and physical examinations are required in some localities, 14 states show no interest in the health or fitness of prospective parents. So it is possible to "shop around" for the kind of regulations which suit one's purposes, and that is what millions do.

Our incongruous divorce laws are paving the road toward Socialism—through replacement of the family by the herd—much faster than any set of radicals can push the United States down the road to ultimate destruction and ruin.

Forty-eight state legislatures and Congress, sitting as a town council for the District of Columbia, grind out 49 codes which differ to the point of being farcical.

The gamut goes from South Carolina, where divorce is not recognized on any ground, to the divorce mills of Nevada and Florida where wives may discard "ill-tempered" husbands, or vice versa. New York, more rigid and less obliging, recognizes only one cause—adultery, but even that is frequently nullified by the flimsiest forms of collusion, such as staged raids with carefully instructed detectives.

Worse still, the New Yorker who wants to divorce his wife can go to Florida and obtain his freedom without her knowledge. He merely has to tell his lawyer that he does not know where his wife can be reached. Consequently, the divorce

THE urgent need for national divorce law reform was sounded by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing in The American Weekly in its issue of April 13.

The Weekly disclosed on May 4 that the United States Government has entered the divorce business in the Virgin Islands.

United States Senator Arthur Capper has introduced a bill calculated to wipe out divorce and marriage mills and remove the stigma which exists in many states which refuse to recognize divorces granted in other states.

The innocent victims of this mad procedure usually are the children and the mothers of children.

Senator Capper's uniform marriage and divorce plan is disclosed on these pages.

Law—U. S. Senator Capper's Plea

The Senator Proposes New Amendments to the Constitution, Setting Up the Same Specific Requirements for Marriage and Grounds for Divorce in All the States.

summons is printed in some out-of-the-way Florida paper. The decree follows, and the man weds someone else. As long as he stays out of the jurisdiction of New York, his first wife has no redress whatsoever.

Often a state court will direct a divorced parent to make proper provision for the support of his dependent children. But once the parent leaves the state in which the order was issued, his legal obligation toward the children ends. The court cannot punish him. Little boys and girls, needlessly orphaned in this manner, fill many an institution.

SOCIETY attempting to live under these 49 contradictory codes can only make the best of the situation by ignoring the crazy patchwork of legal impossibilities which the nation has tried to quilt into one piece. This was acknowledged two years ago by the United States Supreme Court in the famous case of Williams and Hendrix vs. North Carolina.

O. B. Williams was a country storekeeper who had been married for nearly a quarter-century when he fell in love with Mrs. Lillie Shaver Hendrix, a neighbor wed almost as long. The couple went to Reno, divorced their respective mates after the customary six weeks' residence, and immediately married each other. Then they went back to North Carolina, expecting to live happily thereafter.

IT WAS a false hope. The first Mrs. Williams promptly had the couple arrested. A North Carolina court convicted them of bigamy and sent them to jail. The judge ruled that although both parties had met all the requirements of Nevada's divorce laws, they had not established bona fide residences in Nevada and were, therefore, subject to the laws of North Carolina, where divorce regulations are stricter.

Williams carried the case to the United States Supreme Court, which ruled against him and stated, in effect, that each state may determine for itself whether it will accept or reject the divorce procedures of another state. Hence, if North Carolina did not choose to recognize the validity of a Nevada divorce, the "Nevada-made" Williamses were bigamists.

A Marriage Can Be in Perfect Legal Order in One State—and Still Be a Criminal Offense and Cause for Arrest in Another.

UNDER our Constitution there are two ways to remedy this chaotic situation. We can strive to persuade the 48 states and Congress, acting for the District of Columbia, to enact uniform laws on marriage and divorce.

Or we can amend the Constitution to permit Congress to pass national laws on these vital subjects.

With some states mixing divorce and tourist trade and other states operating marriage mills in connection with their scenic attractions, the first course seems plainly impossible of accomplishment.

As a veteran member of the United States Senate I am well aware of the objections which can be raised against Federal statutes governing human relations. They are real. They are serious.

But the danger to our social structure from the growing destruction of the family is just as serious, just as real, and in my judgment even more certain.

Wherefore, I have offered this resolution.

"The Congress shall have the power to make laws, which shall be uniform throughout the United States, on marriage and divorce, the legitimation of children, and the care and custody of children affected by annulment of marriage or by divorce."

BELIEVING as I do that major changes in our national program should come by amendments to the Constitution, and not by simple enactment of laws, I am pressing vigorously for the adoption of the resolution.

In the further hope that the Constitutional amendment will be adopted by a two-thirds vote in Congress and ratified by three-fourths of the states, I have drafted a bill, known in the present Congress as Senate 198, which gives the country uniform marriage and divorce laws.

I propose these marriage requirements:

1. Minimum age of 18 for men and 16 years for women.

2. A notice of two weeks.

3. Clearly specified mental and physical requirements.

4. No proxy marriages.

For divorce the following grounds would be recognized:

1. Unfaithfulness.

2. Cruel and inhuman treatment.

3. Abandonment or failure to provide for one year or more.

4. Habitual drunkenness.

5. Incurable insanity.

6. Conviction of an infamous crime.

Congress has specific powers to legislate upon commerce between the states, to pass naturalization laws and to enact bankruptcy statutes.

IT IS certainly as much of national concern that the status of a citizen as a parent or as a child shall be uniform over the entire United States as that the naturalization laws shall conform.

The movement of families across state lines, with their property and their civil rights, is as much a matter of national concern and legislation as the transportation of goods in interstate commerce.

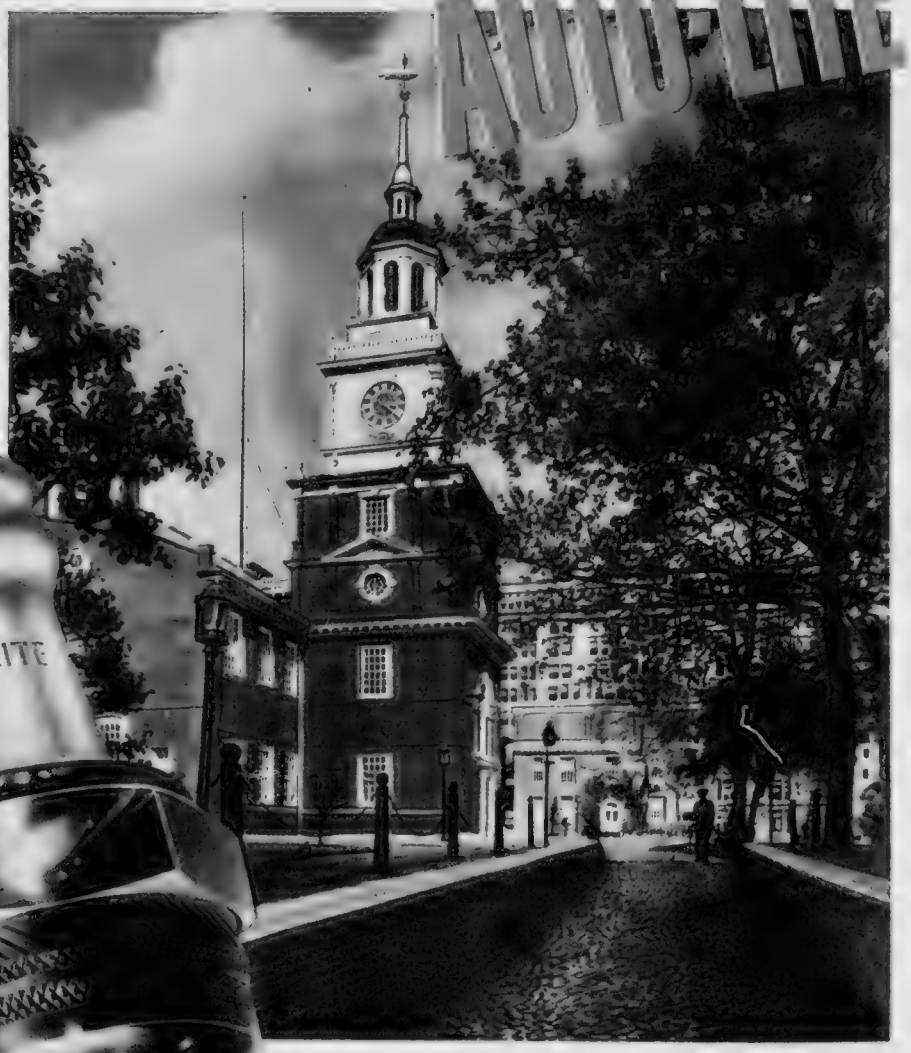
Financial bankruptcy of an individual is not more important—not even as important—as the bankruptcy of the home and family as an American institution.

Self-preservation from a national viewpoint justifies the extension of the law-making power of Congress to include marriage and divorce and to substitute order for chaos.

FOR YOUR TOUR THROUGH HISTORY...

Switch to—

AUTO-LITE



Three of the greatest documents in the World's march from bondage were signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia — the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Federation and the Constitution. In the central rotunda stands the Liberty Bell, famed symbol of Freedom

Money cannot buy a better spark plug...

● Travel is a freedom, too!..born when America removed barriers between states . . . come of age with the automobile and modern highways. Enjoy America this summer in a car with a smooth running engine. For real driving pleasure replace faulty plugs with a new set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs . . . ignition engineered by the same engineers who design complete electrical systems for many of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors. Stop at your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer and "Switch to Auto-Lite."

Toronto, Ontario THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY Toledo 1, Ohio

Tune in "Lawyer Tucker" starring Parker Fennelly, Thursday Nights, 9:00 E.T. on CBS

AUTO-LITE

BATTERIES · IGNITION SYSTEMS · WIRE · CABLE

A Demonstration of All-Metal Fire Escape Ladders. These Are Stored in Metal Containers and Easily Set Up.

How To Prevent FIRES

By G. B. Lal

FIRES, which now kill more than 10,000 men, women and children and destroy millions of dollars worth of property each year in this country, can be largely prevented from starting and spreading.

This tragic loss of life and property could be greatly reduced through the pressure of public opinion upon those responsible for building, furnishing and managing hotels, apartments, hospitals and places where large numbers of people work, or seek entertainment.

To help control the scandalous national menace of fire, chemists, inventors and engineers have been developing new fire-resistant materials and other devices.

In one sense it is hopeless to try to make anything totally fire resistant. There is no known limit to high temperature, and when the temperature rises sufficiently everything melts and evaporates. But from the viewpoint of practical measures of fire protection, a very important distinction has to be made between ordinarily combustible and non-combustible or hard-to-burn materials.

WOOD has been made flame-retardent by being impregnated with chromates, borates and other chemicals. It is thus treated by Protexol Corporation of Kenilworth, N. J., and other industrial organizations.

If the floor, doors and panels are made of fire-retardent lumber, fire can be prevented from reaching strategically important parts of the house. The children's nursery and bedroom, the closets containing clothes and places where valuable materials are stored can be greatly protected from a fire which might get started in attic, basement, kitchen or some other room.

Fire-retardent paints and lacquers have been developed. The Monsanto Chemical Company's central research laboratories, at Dayton, O., have been experimenting with flame-checking materials for fabrics, paints and lacquers. Their lacquer is flame-retardent and is now widely used on the control surfaces of airplane wings. It can be sprayed on woodwork, canvas and other construction materials.

Chemists of the Sherwin-Williams Company made for the Navy flame-retardent paints for the bulkheads of the ships, and of these paint Number 52-B-22 is now available for general use.

CONTAINING antimony oxide, borax, calcium carbonate and other fire-arresting substances, these paints dry up quickly. As the solvents evaporate the remaining substances do not catch fire easily. Number 52-B-22 was originally white, but it can be tinted in all sorts of colors. It can be used on walls, ceilings, woodwork.

Generally speaking, glossy paints—which contain more solvents, are more combustible than the flat paints. In a paint some inert, non-pigment material is added merely to increase its bulk, and it's known as the "filler."

The term "filler" also means a sort of varnish which is used on woodwork to fill up its grooves and pores. Whether or not a filler is combustible or fire-retarding can make a good deal of difference in fire control. But the development of flame-retardent paints is much more complicated and it is progressing gradually.

AS A result of Boston's Cocoanut Grove Club fire, certain types of imitation leather used to upholster furniture are being investigated to determine whether or not they are dangerously inflammable material, which produce highly poisonous gases.

Fireproof fabrics of asbestos and glass fiber are now being made. A combined asbestos-glass fabric has been especially developed by the United States Rubber Company.

The material can be used for making a variety of covers, drapes, curtains and even "fire-resisting" clothing. Experts of the Keasbey and Mattison Company, Ambler, Penn., which has developed many types of asbestos, cotton, rayon and silk combination fabrics, say that pure asbestos can withstand temperatures of 800 to 900 degrees Fahrenheit. Glass fiber is even more flame-retarding.

By soaking ordinary cotton, silk or rayon stuffs into solutions of such chemicals as Du Pont's Ammonium Sulfamate and Fire Retardents "CM" and "T," these fabrics can be made fire-retardent. The chemicals, however, are non-washable, and can withstand dry cleaning up to a limit.

Attempts are now being made to develop durable, that is washable flame-retardent, chemicals for cloth and knitted goods. The Ellicott Laboratories, Lawrenceville, N. J., have a product "Elicote-F.39," which is now being used by manufacturers of fabrics. It is claimed to be a durable fire-retardent.

THE most important measure of fire prevention is the construction of the buildings, so that there are no open stairways, elevator shafts and other vertical pathways for swift air currents to suck the flaming gases up. Open stairways should be particularly enclosed. There should be enough fire escape exits, and fire extinguishers.

Easy-to-operate extinguishers, such as Walter Kidde's which shoots carbon dioxide, and new gas masks, several kinds of which have been developed by the Mine Safety Appliances Laboratories, Pittsburgh, are now available. To enable people to escape from houses and other buildings, ladders and tapes have been invented.

The Superior Fire Equipment Corporation of New York has made metal ladders that can be stored in a metal container and easily installed in an emergency. This type of ladder is available in 10 to 50 feet lengths.

In Detroit, Irvin Bassett has invented a steel tape mechanism for escaping from high buildings. The tape, steadily released by an automatically regulated device, can be worn around the body for descent from a high window and can sustain a weight of more than 2,000 pounds. It is called the "Safety Scape."

Equally as important as any fire retardents and protective and escape devices are the curbing of careless habits of smoking in bed, throwing around burning matches, cigarette ashes and the elimination of fire hazards from defective electrical connections, and the storing up of gasoline, oil soaked rags and other combustible materials where they might burn.

An excellent servant, fire is a terrible master.

It is strange that fire continues to be such a hazard, although man has used it for 1,000,000 years, and has developed industry through its use in the past 6,000 years.

PERHAPS, we've a tendency to leave fire alone due to some left-over superstitions from the primitive times when fire was worshiped. Also some mild degree of neurosis might make the unconscious "fire bugs". Psychiatrists do know that children and adolescents who are thwarted in parental affection are likely to commit arson.

For fire prevention and control of a magnitude commensurate with our industrial civilization many kinds of scientific researches and inventions are needed. Public demand will hasten the development of better fire deterrents and extinguishers and of psychological education of children and adults to eradicate negligence or hidden trends towards arson. To fix the blame for fire tragedies, look in a mirror.

MY COUNTRY

By Win Brooks

MY COUNTRY was born of man's everlasting crusade for [illegible] body and soul.

Torn from the darkness of Old World misery, she stood a shining light, the hope of all who sought freedom.

In her birth she crossed a turbulent ocean in ship, sloop and longboat to a wilderness.

They embraced all hardships, endured all sufferings, triumphed over poverty, pestilence, famine, death.

They plowed an earth made fertile by sweat and blood. In [illegible] temperate valleys they sowed the seeds which produced the harvest of corn, pumpkins, barley, faith.

When a tyrant of empire challenged with professional armies they rose in righteous wrath. They beat plow blades into swords and slashed the last bonds of tyranny.

They fired a shot heard round the world. With muskets and fowling pieces they fought on a hilltop the first pitched battle for freedom.

Their Declaration of Independence was adopted on July 4, 1776, proclaimed by the ringing of a bell whose tongue sent crying on the four winds of earth a rallying call to the champions of liberty—liberty or death.

An indomitable army in rags, they won. From victory and wilderness emerged the land of [illegible], colonies, states, nation forged [illegible].

SETTLEMENTS became villages, villages towns, towns the sprawling cities spanning a continent of fertile croplands, virgin forests and [illegible]. Builders, streams for power, [illegible] for smelters; and in even the smallest villages there were churches where men gave thanks to God in their own fashion, with none to forbid it.

Divided once on an issue of racial justice, reunited by a martyred leader, the nation grew strong and great, because a nation's people and the seekers of freedom are always the strong and great.

In arts and sciences, in education and public health, in commerce and industry and trade, the freemen pioneered and prospered and their inventions enriched all civilization.

Regardless of race or religion or accident of birth, the man who was able could scale the height of his aspirations.

Yale University Art Gallery

"The Battle of Bunker Hill," by John Trumbull . . . Here America Was Born, Amid Blood and Strife . . . Here the Colonial Flags Were Raised in Brave Defiance of a Tyranny That Was to Die in the Fire of Its Own Injustice.

Flag-Raising by Marines on Mt. Surabachi, Iwo Jima. Painting by Larry Brisman From Famous News Photo.

The bootblack became an industrial giant, the newsboy a famous surgeon, the mill hand a painter of portraits.

GOVERNMENT by and for a free people was inspiration for the oppressed of other lands. The lot of all mankind was generally improved.

When slave nations challenged, the new nation fought, always in justice and in victory, on its own shores and in the far places of earth.

So the flag of our nation became the symbol of free men, guardian and protector of human rights wherever it was raised, from Bunker Hill to San Juan, from Berlin to Iwo Jima.

THIS, then, is my country in the fulfillment of the concept of the fathers who founded it and toiled and dared for its greatness; land of the free, refuge for the oppressed, proud in the dignity of the individual and fierce in the protection of it, invulnerable and indivisible in peace or war, with liberty and justice for all.

Of thee I sing.

DR. I.Q.'S Spiritual Sponsor

By Wesley Hartzell

The Rev. James McClain, Once "Dr. I. Q." of "Give That Man a Candy Bar" Fame.

The [illegible] "Dr. I. Q." [illegible] broadcasts [illegible] of quiz shows' [illegible] members of the studio [illegible] a question, [illegible] answer pop [illegible] has caused [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] minister of the Episcopal Church [illegible] May in ceremonies at St. Mark's Church, Evanston, Ill., after having given up his $350 per week radio show, he is taking a job as traveling priest in the rural areas at about $30 a week far from the broadcasting studios. His new sponsor, he says, is God.

His ordination came after graduation from Seabury-Western Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill., where he had studied for three years, most of it while he was carrying on his radio program.

At his ordination, Fr. McClain, who is now 35 years of age, was offered a comfortable city pastorate by his bishop, but he refused it. His calling, he said, was to America's rural areas where the people had no church in which to worship.

As soon as he can get it built, he said, he will carry a "portable mission church" on a trailer behind his automobile. It will contain an altar, [illegible] organ and all the necessaries [illegible] to church services. He added:

"I won't have a balcony. I don't want anyone to say I have a [illegible] for ladies, Doctor!"

Until this time, Fr. McClain expects to [illegible] the rituals of the church, and the sermon, pay [illegible] and [illegible] the sermon to [illegible] [illegible] around.

He said:

"Most of the easy questions I'll be able to answer by the questions [illegible] Article that is the source [illegible] The priest of [illegible] Mark's [illegible] up and [illegible] [illegible] has [illegible] of the questions directly at them [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] radio [illegible] a [illegible]."

"Familiar Quotations" he will [illegible] now will not be the same [illegible] used to ask in his broadcasts. They will be taken [illegible].

"Most of the time," said Fr. McClain, "I'll be answering the questions instead of asking them when [illegible] [illegible] for spiritual guidance. But I don't suppose anybody'll be [illegible] the silver dollars as [illegible] the I. Q. show."

Fr. McClain remembers about his six years on the Dr. I. Q. program, a role he assumed [illegible] Lou Valentine, and which he gave back last summer to the same man in order to devote his full time to study, said:

"Radio taught me to keep an exact schedule. I'll do that in the ministry. We used to hold our broadcasts occasionally in theatres in other cities just to make personal appearances. Now there'll be nothing but personal appearances."

Fr. McClain expects to make eight to ten different communities each Sunday with his trailer. He said:

"It's good that radio developed a good strong voice for me. Else it might not hold out."

Fr. McClain said the country areas were seriously lacking in facilities for worship, and were worse off in this respect than the cities. He added:

"Besides, you can go for miles without seeing a single candy bar!"

In a serious vein, he explained his somewhat novel approach to the home mission field. He said:

"I want to break new ground in order to reach young people."

Eventually, said Fr. McClain, he hopes to have a farm himself where he will spend a month each year teaching youngsters how to conserve the soil, and use modern methods of farm production. He said:

"Rural slum areas are growing, and they are just as bad for community and Christian life as city slums."

Fr. McClain, who was born in Louisville, Ky., has had some training in agricultural methods at Garrett Biblical Institute, Northwestern University and the seminary from which he has just graduated.

His ordination was attended by his wife, three small daughters, and his mother and father. He told the circumstances of his giving up his radio job.

"Actually I have known that the ministry was my calling for four years.

"It started when I began reading Tolstoy's 'War and Peace'. Then I read several books by Hendrik Willem van Loon including the 'Story of the Bible.'

"After these I read a book by an [illegible] who denounced the church as a 'racket.' This I realized was [illegible] for some of the smartest people I knew were churchmen.

"Dissatisfied with radio, I saw that the work of the church was something that could claim a man's whole interest."

His decision to study for the ministry was heartily endorsed by his wife, Doris, and his career of handing out candy bars, thinking up "tongue twisters" to trip up hopeful aspirants for the radio prizes, and choosing subjects for the famous "biographical sketches" began to come to a close.

Fr. McClain, when he found his broadcasts interfering with his studies, resigned, closing 13 years of radio work. His career began in Dallas in 1933, when he took a spot as announcer on Station WFAA at $35 a week, more than the salary he's starting out with as a minister. He transferred to Dr. I. Q. in 1940.

During the last year as a student, Fr. McClain began collecting what he calls his Mission Fund, a sum that will buy and equip the trailer he expects to use. Small preaching assignments slowly built it up to $600. His trailer will cost several thousand.

He supported himself and his family after he quit radio on his salary as a deacon in St. Augustin's Church, Wilmette, Ill., Chicago suburb on Lake Michigan.

Asked if he planned to make a permanent career of the ministry and forsake radio shows completely, Fr. McClain said emphatically:

"Unquestionably!"

"Dr. I. Q." and a Contestant —He'll Be Answering Questions Now Instead of Asking Them.

Coffee is FRESHER in this jar

Highest vacuum ever—yet it opens with just 3 quick pries! And it's the *only* coffee package with a *sure REseal*—so it *keeps* your coffee fresher, too!

STOP TEASING, VIXEN, AND GIVE ME A SIP! BOY, THAT'S GOOD! NEW KIND?
NOPE, NEW JAR! MAKES A DIFFERENCE, EH? HAS THE HIGHEST VACUUM YET!
LEAVE US SEE, SUGAR. HOW DOES IT OPEN?
WATCH! JUST 3 QUICK PRIES WITH A KITCHEN TABLESPOON ..
... AND TO RESEAL, I JUST PRESS DOWN! NOW THE JAR'S AIRTIGHT AGAIN!
ZOWIE! IS THAT THE ONLY COFFEE PACKAGE WITH A SURE RESEAL?
YEP! NOW COFFEE COMES FRESHER, KEEPS FRESHER! AND DOESN'T COST ANY MORE THAN IN ANY OTHER VACUUM CONTAINER!

Ask for your favorite brand in the new **Duraglas ULTRA-VAC JAR**

[illegible] Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio

Ringer!

by JACK McDONALD

"The Sun Sets Here in 35 Minutes, Sir. You Would Not Be Wise to Let It Set on You. Git!"

AT THE half mile Blue Boot was 23 lengths behind Indian Broom.

In the stretch it was Indian Broom and Blue Boot, head and head...Indian Broom and Blue Boot...Blue Boot and Indian Broom and that's the way they finished.

Blue Boot, setting a new West Coast record in winning the Longacres Mile at Seattle in 1937, was clocked in 1:35 3-5.

Earl Beezley, one of racing's "miracle trainers," had turned away, head bowed, at the half mile only to come running as the roar of the crowd advertised Blue Boot's drive.

He was overjoyed, certain now that he had a filly capable of winning the Santa Anita Handicap and its $100,000 purse. But that night came a telegram:

"Sell Blue Boot. You are a marked man. If you don't you'll die."

That wasn't the first warning. He had been receiving anonymous threats, ordering him to sell Blue Boot, ever since he bought the mare from a shrewd trainer, Doc Bloss, who had run her in a claiming race.

At first he dismissed the warnings as jokes but now he was worried. Someone was serious about frightening him into selling the filly!

Beezley first noticed Blue Boot when Bloss showed up on the West Coast with a ragged shipment of haybags from the Kansas County Fair circuit. Beezley happened to see the filly unload. His horseman's eye followed her every move as she unlimbered, tabbing her action and way of going.

When Blue Boot went to the post for her first outing, Beezley was at the rail watching her. Blue Boot finished far back but Beezley was not fooled.

Next time the filly ran was in a claiming race and Beezley promptly "haltered" her for $2,500. Beezley wondered at the price.

The filly seemed to be valued highly for a half-mile campaigner whose record indicated she had never raced in good company.

But he had spotted Doc Bloss as a sharpshooter and figured he was holding the mare for a killing. Beezley had watched Bloss fool the clockers into believing another of his horses was a "bleeder" by squeezing berry juice on the animal's face after a workout.

Bleeders seldom win races and the clockers dismissed the animal from consideration. That afternoon, the "bleeder" came down at ten to one and the only persons who bled were the wise-guy clockers.

After claiming Blue Boot, Beezley worked her carefully. The filly was in good condition except for a healing cut on the right hind leg.

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

She won the Longacres Derby and several other overnight races, showing fine speed in the stretch. Beezley was careful not to enter her in a claiming race. "That," he explained, "was how I got her."

Blue Boot proved her consistency by taking the Inaugural Mile at Tanforan. This, coupled with the victory over mighty Indian Broom, conqueror of Top Row, convinced the Railbirds that Blue Boot had to be considered in the big race.

It was after Blue Boot had been shipped to Santa Anita to train for the Handicap that the final blow fell. The telegram that exploded Beezley's dream read:

"Your Blue Boot is a ringer. Sell her or you'll be exposed."

Beezley was given a Texas telephone number to call. Over the phone he was told to meet a mysterious agent across the border at Las Vegas with a bill of sale ready. They would pay well for the horse.

When Beezley protested, the voice on the other end of the line pointed out that he had profited by some $40,000 in purses since claiming Blue Boot. Besides if he didn't sell her, he'd be exposed.

Beezley demanded proof Blue Boot was a ringer. He was told she was, in reality, a mare named Exotude.

Beezley went to Webb Everett, Santa Anita Racing Secretary. Blue Boot's papers seemed in order. Exotude's papers were officially examined in New York State.

They matched Blue Boot's to a "T" except Exotude had no scar on her right hind leg whereas Blue Boot had been cut with wire as a yearling.

Suddenly Beezley remembered that the scar on his mare's right hind leg had been newly formed when he claimed her.

The truth came out. The two horses had been switched the previous winter in New Orleans. The real Blue Boot, a poor sprinter, had been taken out of circulation and sent into hiding on a Texas ranch.

Exotude, a router with speed, was shipped to Kansas with her leg slashed to make her look like Blue Boot.

The ringer was ruled off the track, scratching her from the Handicap. To add to Beezley's troubles rival horsemen whose steeds had been beaten by the spurious Blue Boot sued for the purses she had won.

The court, however, ruled that Beezley was also a victim and was entitled to the money.

The California Race Board sent Julius Reeder to the Texas town from which the telegram threatening Beezley with exposure had come.

Reeder went to the sheriff's office and the first thing he saw was a large framed picture of Blue Boot. After the sheriff heard Reeder's story, he looked at his watch.

"The sun sets here in 33 minutes, Sir. You would not be wise to let it set on you. Git!"

Reeder eyed the sheriff's huge .45 pistol and left. But the investigation continued. Some 40 big-time gamblers were in on the plot and had planned a coup at Santa Anita.

But even the ones who had made the substitution had no idea how good Exotude was. Beezley had ruined the plan by recognizing the filly's class.

He was allowed to keep his claiming prize and raced the mare a number of times before a leg injury forced her retirement. She was later sold to W. E. Boeing, the plane manufacturer, as a brood mare and died in 1942 at the Boeing farm in California.

There was no evidence that Doc Bloss knew anything about the plot and it was he who had entered the spurious Blue Boot in a claiming race, giving Beezley his opportunity.

One theory was that somebody in the service of the gamblers must have palmed the ringer off on Bloss.

At any rate, Bloss went back to the half-mile tracks and eventually disappeared from big-time racing.

Thus Beezley's eye for horseflesh and his honesty combined with sure-thing gamblers' stupidity to prevent a successful betting coup.

Mary Casey Thorne, Joel Sr's. Wife, and Their Son, Joel, Jr.

Johnsie Eager Thorne, Joel Jr's. Wife, and Their Son, Jonathan.

Like Father—

Son Joel Thorne Followed the Pattern of Joel Sr's. Life—Marital Troubles, Long-Drawn Court Battles and All — Almost Lost His Life the Same Way

By Harry H. Morgan

EITHER by accident or design, Joel Wolfe Thorne has done a remarkable job of following in his father's footsteps to the altar, the family nursery, the divorce courts and—almost—to the grave.

The curious similarity in their careers was emphasized recently when son Joel, millionaire designer and driver of racing automobiles and motorboats, engaged in a bitter court battle for the custody of his four-year-old son, Jonathan.

Joel W. Thorne, Sr., did the same thing a generation ago with Joel Jr., the central figure of a legal tug-of-war that began with an asserted "kidnaping" and lasted eight years.

Both father and son married beautiful women who refused to be awed by the Thorne wealth and social position; wives who battled powerful forces to keep their children.

Both father and son were sued for separate maintenance young Joel by beautiful Johnsie Eager Thorne of Georgia, former Powers model; his father by equally beautiful Mary Casey Thorne of New York's unfashionable Third avenue.

Both men retaliated by filing suits for divorces.

Joel Thorne Sr. was killed in an automobile crash.

Joel Jr. missed death by the proverbial eyelash last year in a motorcycle crash that left him unconscious for weeks in a Los Angeles hospital —with 47 bone fractures!

Joel Thorne Sr., son of Samuel Thorne, who made his millions in railroads and banking, started the striking father-son parallel in 1911, when he married brown-eyed Mary Casey, ambitious daughter of John and Bridget Casey.

Mary had worked her way through Barnard College, where her classmates voted her "most beautiful girl," and the one who would do most for her school. She fell in love with Joel Thorne while she was teaching in the New York public schools.

Their romance was frowned upon by both families, but that did not prevent them from getting married.

On Third avenue in the shadows of the "L" the Caseys didn't like the idea of their daughter marrying a divorced man. On snooty Fifth avenue and on the family estate at Millbrook the Thornes frowned because Mary Casey came from Third avenue.

Not until 1914, when Joel Jr. was born, did Samuel Thorne unbend. He visited his son and his daughter-in-law, and accepted his grandson, Joel Jr., into the wealthy family. When Samuel died a few months later, he left baby Joel some of his millions, to be held in trust.

The death of his father seemed to alienate Joel Sr. from his wife Mary. She began to brood. Finally, in October of 1917, on his son's third birthday, Joel Sr. left the house where they had honeymooned. A year later, Mrs. Mary Casey Thorne started suit for separate maintenance.

While the litigation was pending, baby Joel was taken from his mother and placed in the care of Mrs. Alice Sickel in Denver. Mary Thorne claimed her child had been kidnaped. Husband Joel countered with a suit for divorce, charging his wife with infidelity and naming a bodyguard she had hired.

Mary Thorne was committed to the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital and emerged fighting mad. The ensuing legal battle lasted six years until in May, 1924, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court decided her husband should have his divorce, and custody of 10-year-old Joel, Jr.

Shortly afterwards Joel Sr. was killed in an automobile accident—and Mary Thorne went back to the courts.

The divorce decree wasn't final at the time of his death, Mary claimed. Therefore she wanted her widow's share of his estate and the custody of young Joel, who inherited a $3,000,000 trust fund. After a year a settlement was reached. Mary was given custody of her son, but his uncle, Samuel Thorne, would administer the estate.

Young Joel, with the approval of the court, bought a $60,000 home in New Rochelle, N. Y., for himself and his mother. He was given funds from his annual boyhood income of some $85,000 to indulge his hobby of racing autos and motorboats.

He was 20 when he met the lovely Johnsie Eager, who had left her family estate, Crestwood Plantation, near Valdosta, Ga., to attend school in the North and become, eventually, a Powers model. They were married, with the blessings of both families, in 1935, just a month before Joel's mother, Mary Casey Thorne, died.

The young couple followed the races, Joel driving and Johnsie applauding, for two years. They "settled down" in Tucson, Ariz., where Joel blew up two houses while experimenting with dynamite.

Their son, Jonathan, was born in 1943—and the "like father, like son" motif got under way. Joel took Johnsie and the baby to the railroad station to see them off to Valdosta for a visit. At the station, Joel claimed, his wife threw her wedding ring in his face, and the battle was on.

Johnsie sued for separate maintenance, claiming Joel had been too friendly with numerous women, ful. custody of baby Jonathan, along with some of Joel's income. She said, further, that Joel had told her of his "kidnaping" by his father, and defended the action as a "right."

In February of last year, Joel crashed on his motor bike and was hospitalized for months. Meantime, a Los Angeles court ordered him to pay $750 a month family support.

Joel refused, was carried to court on a stretcher and sentenced to jail for contempt until he paid up, but was permitted to stay in the hospital.

But the hospital, and the law, were too slow for Joel Thorne, whose Thorne Special won the Indianapolis Speedway 500-mile race in 1946.

In some mysterious manner, he left the hospital, boarded his private plane, and landed in Las Vegas, Nev., out of the jurisdiction of the California courts. Last April he sued for divorce. Johnsie announced she was ready to fight.

MURDER

After a Former RAF Flier Told His Fiancee He Knew Something About the Death of a Woman, the English Police Were Able to Solve Two Widely Separated Murders.

By Peter Levins

YVONNE SYMONDS' pretty mouth opened wide with horror as her so-suddenly-acquired fiance, tall, handsome, glamourous Neville Heath, informed her that the murder of Margery Gardner had been committed in the very same West London hotel room in which he and Yvonne had trysted five days before.

"In fact," he added, "I saw the body!"

"Oh, darling!" she gasped. "Was it all as terrible as the papers are saying?"

"Worse," he replied. "Much worse. It was undoubtedly the crime of a maniac."

Miss Symonds, 21, a willowy, inexperienced brunette, had met Heath at a WREN (Women's Royal Naval Service) dance in London on June 14, and become completely infatuated. So much so that, swayed by his promise of marriage, she had accompanied him to his room in the Pembridge Court Hotel the next night.

The following morning she returned to her parents' home in Worthing, a resort town in Sussex, to await their reunion and, she hoped, early marriage.

There, between telephone calls from her beloved, she had read about the murder.

Mrs. Gardner, a 33-year-old movie extra and dilettante artist, had been found dead in that hotel room, under shocking circumstances, on the morning of June 21.

Police reported she had been last seen in a night club, and had left in the company of a man who presumably was to escort her home.

"I knew Mrs. Gardner, though only casually," Heath told Yvonne. "I loaned her the key to my room."

"And the police think that you—that you ."

He nodded. "I'll have to go to town and clear it up."

The police of London did not see Heath, however. Instead they received a letter, dated the 22d, which explained that he had loaned his room key to Mrs. Gardner "and an acquaintance whom she was obliged to entertain for reasons that were mainly financial."

The letter added, "I have the instrument with which the woman was beaten to death, and am forwarding it to you." (This he also failed to do.)

While Yvonne again awaited his return, her parents learned of Heath's remark about the murder. They grew alarmed.

"After all," they asked themselves, "what do we know about him?"

What indeed!

Heath, son of a family of very modest circumstances, had been born during an air raid in 1917, and had lived a most extraordinary life. From boyhood, he had resented his humble origin, rebelled against a slow-moving business career, and eventually became a poseur almost without parallel in English history.

In his discontented and precocious youth, he had quit a pound-a-week warehouse job to join the RAF, where he and his superiors discovered that he was a natural-born flier.

Within two years, however, for all his much-needed talent, he faced a court martial and was dismissed from the service, having run up numerous debts, stolen a sergeant's car, and gone AWOL.

Jobless, penniless, he lived on his wits, borrowing money under false pretenses, sponging on women, and passing bad checks. Men found him over-boastful and familiar, but in the eyes of women, fascinated by his ease of address, credulous of his assumption of birth and claims to heroism, he could see himself as he wished to be seen. In 1937, the year of his dismissal, he:

Stole a "fiancee's" golf clubs and pawned them.

Broke into a friend's house, knowing he was away on a holiday, stripped the place of valuables, then went to stay at the friend's seaside hotel.

Posed as "Lord Dudley," committed numerous frauds and finally got caught.

In 1938 he was sent to a reformatory under a sentence of three years.

Soon after war came in '39, Heath was released from jail, along with many others considered fit for military duties, and joined the Royal Army Service Corps. In those days, officers were desperately needed, Heath seemed first-class material.

While serving as a lieutenant in Palestine, his checks bounced, and he was again court-martialed and cashiered, "His Majesty having no further use for his services."

EN ROUTE to England via the Red Sea and Cape of Good Hope, he got ashore at Durban, and presently, late in 1941, he strolled into a Johannesburg recruiting hut. As James Robert Cadogen Armstrong, he signed for service, stating that while he'd had no experience as a flier, he would like to become a pilot.

With his two years in the RAF behind him, he breezed through the training. Indeed, too valu-

able for operational flights, he was assigned to teach others. Now he was riding high again.

He frequented all the best clubs, went to parties given by Rand millionaires. On occasion, he donned the kilt and crown of a major in the Transvaal Scottish.

In February, 1942, he married lovely Elizabeth Pitt Rivers, 19-year-old daughter of a leading citizen. This had been a whirlwind affair, accomplished against the wishes of the girl's parents, who distrusted him.

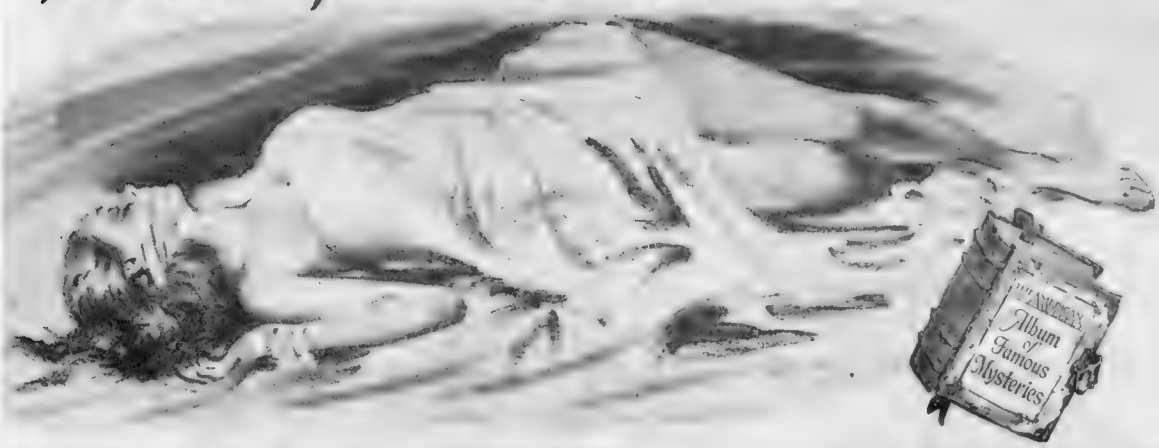
Within a few months of the wedding, Heath was transferred to the RAF in Britain, leaving behind him—in addition to a bride who was soon to become a mother—a collection of dishonored checks and a collection of disillusioned women.

PRESENTLY he and his crew had to bale out of their flak-hit bomber, with the result that Heath was grounded by air force doctors and returned to South Africa.

Again history repeated itself. For the third time, he was court-martialed and dismissed. His wife, who had paid fines and debts to save him from going to jail, petitioned for a divorce, and in January, 1946, he was escorted aboard the S. S. Samaria and returned to England.

Again he lapsed into his old ways, sponging on his needy family and on innumerable women,

Talks Too Much



posing always as a hero bursting with adventurous stories, frequently wearing the insignia of a major or a lieutenant-colonel, as well as far more ribbons than he ranked. Meanwhile, he drank almost constantly.

This was the man about whom this family in Worthing knew so little. This was the man in whose hotel room Margery Gardner had been murdered. This was the ardent but gentle swain who had said he would "go into town and clear this up," but who did not go.

* * *

On July 5, Yvonne Symonds was still awaiting her blue-eyed, curly-haired Lothario's return.

On July 5, the police of England were looking everywhere for Neville George Clevely Heath, suspected in the Pembridge Court Hotel murder. His picture—a poor one—had been sent to all stations, but the police had asked newspapers not to publish it, fearing that its reproduction all over the country "might invalidate an identification parade." (In view of what happened, this could be described as a fatal precaution.)

On July 5, the police of Bournemouth, a watering place on the English Channel, learned that a certain young woman had disappeared the previous night.

THIS person was Miss Doreen Marshall, 21, an ex-WREN, who had been spending her terminal leave in Bournemouth. Miss Marshall, the police learned, left the Norfolk Hotel, where she had been living during her holiday, and failed to return.

The officer assigned to the case, 31-year-old Detective George Suter, soon found out that Miss Marshall had left her hotel to attend dinner at the Tollard Royal Hotel as the guest of one "Group Captain Rupert Brooke."

Suter became curious when he learned that the girl had left more than enough money at her hotel to cover her bill, and had not been dressed suitably, being in evening clothes, for a journey. These two circumstances seemed to rule out any theory that she'd skipped town to evade payment of her bill.

At the Tollard Royal, the manager informed Suter that Captain Brooke, whom he described as "a good RAF type," had been a guest at the hotel for 10 days, doing nothing much but idling about in sports clothes and dark sun glasses.

Giving his address as Thurlestone airdrome, Leicester, Brooke had told the hotel manager that he had just been demobilized from the air force and was employed as chief test pilot for an aircraft company. He had a plane at Hurn airport near by, he said, having been compelled to land there because of unfavorable weather. He had told the hotel man he expected to sell the plane to a Dorset farmer.

"A most interesting chap," the manager said. "Referred to various RAF celebrities by their nicknames. Seemed to know 'em all. Even told me where my old flying instructor could be located."

"Right now," Suter remarked, "he's the one that needs to be located."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll find him around. Very approachable fellow."

Detective Suter, however, had difficulty making the contact. Finally, that same day, he left a message for Brooke stating that the matter was urgent and would he please make an appointment?

The next day, July 6, Suter's phone rang at the C.I.D office, and a voice said:

"Is that you, Suter? This is Brooke. I understand you wish to see me. Could you come over to the hotel, old chap?"

"Well, Captain, you're on a holiday," the detective said. "I suggest you come here to the police station."

Brooke's voice grew petulent. "Where is the beastly place?"

SUTER explained. Presently he went downstairs and found his man, wearing a sports shirt and flannel trousers but no coat, sitting on the counter of the police station. Swinging his legs, laughing often, Brooke was chatting with patrolmen.

Suter asked him to come upstairs. As they left together, the detective cast a quick glance at the picture of Neville George Clevely Heath, tacked to the station house wall. Was it wishful thinking, he wondered, that he saw a resemblance between Heath and the dashing Captain Brooke?

Upstairs, the visitor stated that there was little he could do to help the authorities in their investigation. True, Miss Marshall had dined with him at the hotel, but they had parted in mid-evening, and that was the last he had seen of her.

"She must be all right," he said. "I'm sure she'll turn up."

Detective Suter thought of the picture downstairs. He noticed several scratches on the captain's neck. He said, "Well, I guess that's all." But as he followed Brooke out of his office, he made a secret sign to his colleague, Detective-Sergeant Johnson, and at the same time dropped a scrap of note paper on the floor.

Johnson quickly scanned the pencil marks on the paper, then made two phone calls.

The first call was to Hurn airport. Did a Captain Brooke have a plane there? The answer was in the negative.

The second call, to Thurlestone airdrome, was routed to Scotland Yard, so that officials there could listen in on the conversation.

Illustrated by MATT CLARK

Again the answer was negative: no such person as Capt. Rupert Brooke was known at Thurlestone.

Meanwhile, outside the Bournemouth police station, a game of bluff was going on. Sitting on the wall there, shadowed from the July sun by an ash tree, Detective Suter was keeping his guest in conversation.

Brooke regaled him with some of his best service stories: how he used to dive on German staff cars in France, how he'd won his various medals.

SUTER, who himself had fought as a sergeant with the 11th Armored Division, casually inquired whether Brooke had been in the "Cab Rank" flying Beaufighters. (The Cab Rank was a term that described RAF planes which could be called on by armored divisions for support.) Brooke as casually replied that he had.

Instantly, Detective Suter grew more alert. His question had been a trap to catch his suspect. Suter knew that in France at that particular time to which they referred Beaufighters had not been used in the Cab Ranks.

"How about tea?" the detective invited.

"Delighted," said Captain Brooke.

Over tea and sandwiches, Suter mentioned that the captain bore rather a strong resemblance to Neville Heath, now being hunted in the Gardner killing.

"Yes, I've noticed that myself," Brooke agreed. "Dashed embarrassing, too."

Suter then said that the police should check some of the captain's details, so that the local authorities could give him a clean bill of health. His companion thought that would be a splendid idea. Brooke apparently saw in this simple seaside sleuth a most sympathetic and helpful accessory.

While Suter kept Brooke occupied, a car was racing at top speed from London to Bournemouth. Its passengers: Divisional Detective-Inspector Reginald Spooner and Detective-Inspector Shelley Symes, the Scotland Yard men in charge of the investigation of the Pembridge Court murder.

On their arrival in Bournemouth, the Yard officers visited the Tollard Royal and examined the suspect's room, particularly his sports coat. The coat contained two articles that immediately engaged their attention: a pearl and a cloakroom check.

The pearl, it developed, had been part of a necklace the missing Doreen Marshall had been wearing the night she disappeared.

The cloakroom check was for a suitcase which was recovered in London and found to contain the riding crop referred to in Heath's letter as "the instrument" with which Margery Gardner had been killed.

Confronted with all this evidence, Brooke admitted he was Heath but denied that he killed Mrs. Gardner.

Doreen Marshall's body was found on July 8 in a densely wooded shore-side ravine a mile and a half from the Tollard Royal Hotel. Death had been caused by a deep gash in her throat.

FOR reasons that will never be known, Yvonne Symonds, the trusting young girl who thought Heath intended to marry her, was spared a fate similar to that of Doreen Marshall and Margery Gardner.

Yvonne re-entered the picture on Sept. 24 when she was a star prosecution witness at Heath's trial.

Her testimony clinched the case, for in his remarks to her about the Gardner killing he had confided details which could have been known only to the murderer.

Neville Heath, the man who talked too much, was hanged in Pentonville prison shortly after 9 a. m., Oct. 16, 1946.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

CLEAN...means SMOOTH!

Yes! Your motor runs

Cleaner and Smoother

on NEW Improved 100% Pennsylvania

Veedol MOTOR OIL

PUT IN a crankcase full of new Veedol. Then OUT will go harmful corrosive compounds that attack bearings, pistons, other vital engine parts.

It's true! New magic in Veedol minimizes oxidation, checks formation of harmful corrosive acids—actually makes your motor run *cleaner*. And that means you'll have a *smoother*-running, more powerful, more economical motor.

As always, Veedol is the famous "fighting film of protection," from 100% Bradford, Pennsylvania, crude. Look for the Veedol sign—drive in; give your motor the "CLEAN-SMOOTH" treatment!

Picking Boys to Win

Charles K. Taylor Finds Leaders Among Youths in Much the Same Manner That a Selector Handicaps Race Horses

By Joan King Flynn

CHARLES K. TAYLOR'S way of finding leaders among youths might be compared to the system used by racing fans who pick horses to win on the strength of their background and past performances.

A vocational guidance expert, Taylor has spent more than 40 of his nearly 70 years in perfecting his method of using case histories to show the stuff people are made of.

It pays off, too. In the last 11 years, he has secured about $200,000 in private school scholarships for boys whose case histories indicate they have unusual ability for leadership, intelligence, sportsmanship and common sense.

Thirty of Taylor's scholarship students are currently enrolled in such Eastern schools as Fessenden, Exeter, Andover, Horace Mann and Groton. They are receiving the benefit of specialized training along the lines of their individual aptitudes. All but one stand at the top of their classes. That lone one is too engrossed in his hobby of magic.

This business of giving educational breaks to boys who might not otherwise have the opportunity is a hobby with Charles K. Taylor. He carries it on in connection with a vocational research bureau he runs in New York City.

The scholarship boys may come from a Manhattan slum, a New Jersey farm or a rural community. Eleven of them have come from the Main Street Junior High of Danbury, Conn. This gold mine of potential leaders and able citizens was tapped seven years ago when the school's principal, Mr. C. J. Maginley, wrote Taylor, recommending some boys.

In reply, he received a dozen sets of Taylor's standard case history forms. These contain some 80 questions, touching on all qualities of personality and background. Each form was to be filled out by the boy, his parents, and four teachers who knew him. No one was to compare notes. Thus, Taylor finds not only what the boy thinks of himself, but what others think of the boy.

Upon receipt of these completed surveys, Taylor entered his conclusions on a master sheet or case history card. He immediately eliminated all but four. To make his final decision, he went to the school to interview them. They all got scholarships.

The prep schools that make the scholarships available to Taylor accept the honored student on the merits of his case history without competitive entrance exams. Typical of the calibre of the Danbury grade school youths is the boy who won his scholarship award for being outstanding in all characteristics, as well as being captain of three sports. He is now at Yale.

Taylor's idea that a better method was needed for guiding and training boys in a career originated in 1905. A psychology graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, his native state, Taylor became interested in the case history of a 14-year-old boy who showed amazing coolness and courage during a train wreck.

Upon investigating his background and discovering the boy was outstanding in science and mathematics, and his main hobby was boats, Taylor persuaded [illegible] for Annapolis. The youth followed Taylor's advice and in World War I commanded a battleship with great distinction.

There's a banker in Boston now who was a "holy terror" in his youth until Taylor got him under his wing at a summer camp he ran at Lake Champlain from 1906 to 1924. The boy's sullen and truculent personality changed to that of an ambitious amiable one under Taylor's tutelage. He helped evolve Taylor's "age of opportunity" theory.

"In order to change a boy's personality from bad to good," the educator said in a recent interview, "you must get him at the right time, when he begins to meet the onset of adolescence. There is not only a muscular change, but the brain becomes flexible. You must develop his powers of concentration, his desire to learn and rid him of bad habits. If he has a special aptitude, put him in touch with it."

Qualities of personality will overcome a low I. Q. every time, Taylor contends. He cites the instance of a boy whose case history showed he had marked ability although his I. Q. was only 100. Taylor gave him a scholarship.

It was hard plugging for the first year, but the boy cultivated the work habit and in the second year led his classes in all subjects.

In studying the case histories of 500 high school boys, Taylor found that only 18 per cent had the aptitude to do their desired vocation. This is the greatest cause of all vocational misfits, Taylor believes. It's one reason he feels vocational guidance in high schools should be a must.

Bob and Bill were 16-year-old high school seniors. They were good students, close friends and wanted to be doctors. Their parents and teachers approved. Taylor was consulted.

"Emphatically, no," he said. "Bob should not be a doctor, but Bill should."

Their case histories showed that Bob got excited under stress, didn't have proper self-control and wasn't skillful with his hands; whereas, Bill's disposition was calm and unexcitable. He was dexterous and neat. Bob now is studying to be a biochemist; Bill, a surgeon.

Personal meetings before taking the individual's case history may not only be prejudicial, but also inaccurate, Taylor has found, since the boy being interviewed is generally on guard and does not react normally. Or, his appearance may be misleading to the investigator.

It took a lot of selling for Taylor to convince a headmaster that Danny should have a scholarship. His looks were against him. He was a farm boy, large, clumsy and shy, but a brilliant student. Taylor knew the inner Danny from his case history. The headmaster recently sent an S. O. S. to Taylor, asking, "Have you any more like Danny? We can use them."

Of an early group of students who got specialized training, one is in the State Department. Another, who showed marked literary ability, is editor of a magazine. A third holds a civic office in his community. Educators throughout the country are consulting Taylor on his case history method for use in their schools.

Charles K. Taylor seeks no personal glory for his efforts. "I get all the satisfaction I need," he says "from seeing the kids make good and having devised a program that works."

In the Last 11 Years, Mr. Taylor Has Secured $200,000 in Scholarships for Boys He Has Chosen After Studying Their Case Histories.

Illustrated by DENVER GILLEN

"Don't let yourself slip!"

LIN-X Self-Polishing Wax Is Anti-Slip. That's mighty important when you realize that more than half of the accidents in homes are due to falls. Use LIN-X Self-Polishing Wax with confidence. It bears the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., as an anti-slip floor treatment.

And there's more to this fine wax than safety. LIN-X is easy to apply . . . just wipe it on linoleum and wood floors. In a matter of minutes it dries to a hard, beautifully lustrous finish. This makes cleaning easier for a long, long time.

LIN-X for *safety!* LIN-X for beauty! No wonder more and more homemakers are using LIN-X Self-Polishing Wax.

Only 59¢ PINT
Also in quart and economical gallon sizes

LIN-X SELF-POLISHING WAX is ANTI-SLIP!

Made by the makers of Kem-Tone
the Miracle Wall Finish

LIN-X CLEAR-GLOSS

Gives sparkling luster to linoleum and all your interior and exterior wood surfaces.

Only $1.85 quart
Also in pint and economical gallon sizes

LIN-X CREAM POLISH

Polishes bone-dry, cleans, protects, and beautifies fine furniture without tiresome rubbing.

Only 69¢ pint
Also in economical gallon size

PRODUCTS OF
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
RESEARCH
Bringing the Marvels of Science to Your Home

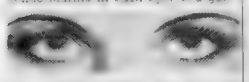
LIN-X Home Brighteners Sold by Stores Everywhere

Acme White Lead & Color Works, Detroit; W. W. Lawrence & Company, Pittsburgh; The Lowe Brothers Company, Dayton; John Lucas & Company, Inc., Philadelphia; The Martin-Senour Company, Chicago; Rogers Paint Products, Inc., Detroit; The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES TIRED? Soothe and refresh them ... see ... with two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. You get—

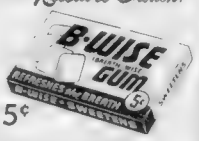


QUICK RELIEF. Instantly your eyes feel ... Murine's scientific blend of ... Eye's soothing and cooling ... that are like Mother Nature's own remedy for ... Get ... Murine today. Write for free 10-day sample bottle of Murine. Address Dept. A-14, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

A wolf that we know found himself in a mess
For onions he loved, he just had to confess
Shunned by the girls you surely must see
He took up the habit of chewing B-Wise
You're right as can be ... so now he's smacking
Just loads of time since his breath took to reeking

FOR *Kissable Breath.*

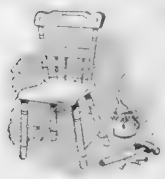


REFRESHES THE BREATH AFTER ONIONS, ALCOHOL, AND TOBACCO

What is Your Skin Trouble?

If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10 Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCIREX (mercy-rex) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and lumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggists.

MERCIREX FOR THE SKIN
OINTMENT • SOAP • SHAMPOO



MAKE THAT HOUSEHOLD TASK EASIER—

Reprints of many of the most helpful household articles which have appeared in The American Weekly are available. Look for the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

Are Twins Psychic?

STARTLING and often amusing physical similarities between identical twins are known to every reader. Scientists agree that they often are so much alike that only painstaking tests will tell them apart.

But all the professors do not agree that a psychic as well as a physical bond exists between them.

From Brisbane, Australia, comes a remarkable story favoring those investigators who believe that a powerful mental tie unites twins though they be separated for years.

The Twins, Who Had Been Separated for 30 Years, Were Amazed to Learn How Alike They Are in Their Thinking and Their Habits.

Lin and Lee Miller parted company in an Australian orphanage when they were eight. A few weeks ago they met for the first time in 30 years. Their meeting, curiously enough, was arranged by a friend of Lin, who had met Lee on the street and mistaken him for Lin.

Each was five feet six inches in height, and their weights differed by only one pound. Neither had ever been seriously ill. Both had lost the same teeth and both had fillings in the same front teeth.

But what is far more striking is that at the reunion each was wearing the same type of open-neck shirt and smoking the same brand of tobacco.

Further indications that their minds worked along the same lines are that both men dislike marmalade, but are fond of horses; both drink moderately and smoke heavily.

Some students of the psychology of twins say there are many proofs of telepathy between them. They cite the case of Percy Black, 50, who collapsed on a street in Heapham, England. His last words, whispered to a puzzled ambulance surgeon, were: "I feel something is wrong at Sheffield."

Percy Black's dying premonition was no mere vagary of an expiring mind. His twin brother, Cecil Black, had collapsed and died only an hour before in his club at Sheffield.

One of the world's foremost scientific observers of twins is Dr. Horatio H. Newman of the University of Chicago. In "Twins, a Study of Heredity and Environment," written in collaboration with Drs. Frank N. Freeman and Karl J. Holzinger, he tells the story of Ed and Fred. The last name was withheld, as is the practice in case histories.

Identical twins, Ed and Fred were raised separately without knowledge of each other for 25 years. Each had been adopted by childless foster parents. They lived 1,000 miles apart.

When finally they met and compared notes, they found they had had about the same educational experience and both were employed as repairmen by branches of the same telephone company.

Furthermore, each had married in the same year and each had a baby boy. Ed had a fox terrier named Trixie, and so did Fred.

Each twin had firmly believed from childhood that he had had a brother who had died, and each had told this to friends many times.

If these aren't clear-cut instances of a psychic link between identical twins, many scientists ask, what are they?

Fighting Lady Editor

MOST of the solid citizens of Holmes County, Miss., are lined up behind "Miss Hazel" Brannon, young, pretty and hard-hitting owner and editor of the Lexington Advertiser. They were glad when she got 52 indictments against liquor and slot machine racketeers, and they were mad when a judge hung a suspended jail sentence on her two weeks after her courtroom victory over graft and corruption.

Miss Hazel appealed her case to the Mississippi Supreme Court, won, and now is fighting harder than ever to put the lawless element out of business in Holmes County. Read the story of her courageous crusade in next week's magazine.

JOHNNY EVERS and Frank Chance have gone to their reward, leaving old Joe Tinker the only man who knows all the inside story of the famous "Tinker to Evers to Chance" triumvirate, the greatest double play combination in big league baseball. In the next issue of this magazine Dan Parker spins a lively story about these diamond immortals—including Joe Tinker's eyewitness version of the celebrated Merkle "boner" which Evers turned into a pennant for the Chicago Cubs.

PLENTY TO CACKLE ABOUT
(SHE BUYS LIGHT BULBS LIKE EGGS!)
HANDY TO BUY!
HANDY TO CARRY!
HANDY TO STORE!
HANDY TO USE!
60 WATT
SYLVANIA
HANDY-5-PACK
GRADE 'A' LIGHT BULBS IN THE GRADE 'A' CARTON!
—AT NO EXTRA COST
5 Light Bulbs
Buy the "BEST LIGHT UP SIGHT" in the BRIGHT YELLOW CARTON!

Yes...he's used to the best!

He pays $100 for his Garrison fly-rod...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

YES ... it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES ... it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

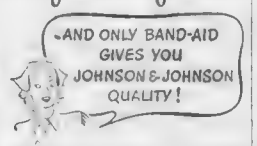
BONDED FOR QUALITY

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

All cats aren't Persians!

All adhesive bandages aren't **BAND-AID***

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson



Any tiny cut or blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

3 out of 4 families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other adhesive bandage.

Keep a box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

HOW TO ENJOY HOME COOKED MEALS

Men—Don't fire the cook, because she's probably your wife. Just tip her off to the wonderful menus that appear on the Household Almanac page in every issue of The American Weekly.

Teen-Age Tempest

By URSULA TROW

THERE'S a lot of talk in teen-age circles about the lack of recreational facilities. Many youngsters and their parents blame juvenile delinquency directly on the absence of youth centers. They complain that there's a nation-wide shortage of proper and pleasant places for young people to go.

In the words of **Barbara Gorgos, 14,** of Binghamton, N. Y. "Some of us teen-agers find life dull because there's nothing to do after school hours . . ."

What can be done about this situation? Should we blame the city officials, the schools, the parents? Well, some of the following letters suggest solutions.

Toni Berger, of Schenectady, N. Y., writes: ". . . I live in a grand town and haven't a complaint to make . . . We have canteens here every week. They're swell, and this is how it happened:

"There was that teen-age group between 13 and 16 who were looking for a decent good time. These kids put on a jam session for the older teen-agers. Mind you, we did this ourselves. We didn't just sit and wait for someone to put it on for us. . . And each year, with the help of the grownups, we put on a Harvest Moon Ball."

Peg Kampf, of East Northport, N. Y., and her schoolmates also have found an outlet for their natural energies. "Recently," she writes, "we put on a production of 'Junior Miss.' Everyone pitched in and helped. We painted scenery and did little odd jobs. We had fun and the show was a success."

Ashtabula, Ohio, teen-agers have also faced the problem, writes **Corliss Kohut.** "Three years ago," she says, "the Juniors started a canteen in the middle of June. It was to go on during the summer and was housed in the school gymnasium. It was the first canteen in northeastern Ohio.

"When school started the following fall, the members of the canteen didn't want to close down. After a month of looking around they finally decided on a room in the basement of the school.

"There is a reception room and a room twice as long for dancing and games.

"The other room has a ping-pong table, bilhard table, pinball machine, and a skeeball machine that were bought at special prices and can be used free because they were paid for by the members. The room also has a juke box that was bought and is also free. The bar in the reception room sells soft drinks, candy, gum, pretzels and potato chips.

"Our canteen is open two nights a week and after night games. Anyone is welcome to come from any school. Membership is $2 a year for Edgewood High School pupils. Students from other schools pay a dime. The canteen is run by members and helped by an adult committee."

Carl Burns of Alexandria, Va., writes: "We have a teen-agers' club, which helped the Red Cross and collected tin cans, waste paper and other things to help win the war." It is Carl's belief that through similar organizations in other towns, teen-agers can have fun and help their communities."

Bert Ford, Public Relations Office of the Massachusetts Youth Committee, writes that "the Hearst papers in Boston have been conducting an intensive youth guidance campaign since 1943, under the Massachusetts Youth Committee, which is composed of state and city officials, leading clergymen, educators and men and women prominent in medicine and social welfare.

"We are conducting 14 active night recreation centers in public schools in cooperation with the Boston School Committee. Student committees appointed in junior high and high schools reported to their school superiors the types of recreation voted most desirable by their classmates and these programs—picked by youngsters — were promptly adopted under adult supervision."

Here Are a Few Tips for Youngsters With "No Place to Go"

The Teen-Agers of Ashtabula, Ohio, Were Enterprising Enough to Set Up a Canteen in the Basement of One of Their Schools.

Tell us about some other problems that you youngsters have solved for yourself. Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Letters to the Editor

"Old Philosopher"
Miami, Fla.

I noticed the letter concerning your "My Faith" series from "young philosopher" Paul Tullar. I, too, enjoy your articles, and save many of them for my scrapbook. Is there any possibility of your sending a set of "My Faith" to an "old philosopher"?

Hans Margolius, Ph. D. Univ. of Hamburg, 1928

A "My Faith" booklet has been sent to Philosopher Margolius. -Ed.

Dissent on Genius
Rocky Mount, N. C.

In your recent article, "How to Be a Genius," Dr. Bunta suggested the following four qualifications: 1, Ability to produce new ideas; 2, Complete disinterest in personal gain; 3, Achievements of both quality and permanency; 4, World-wide appreciation of your work.

On points 1 and 3 there can be no dispute. But I disagree that to be a genius one must have complete disinterest in personal gain. Obviously this did not hold true for many great geniuses of history, among whom Wagner and Napoleon spring first to mind.

I do not agree, either, that world-wide appreciation is necessary. This would infer that genius is dependent upon publicity.

Thomas Pitt

Marriage Mender
St. Paul, Minn.

I want to thank you cordially for permission to use your recent story, "Marriage Mender," by Jack Stone, in the Catholic Digest.

Rev. Louis A. Gales
Managing Editor

Memorial Service
New Hyde Park, N. Y.

I belong to a Westminster Fellowship group. Every Sunday night we have a service conducted by the young people. I saw recently in your magazine an article which interested me in this connection, "A Rabbi, Two Parsons and a Priest."

Our pastor was a chaplain on an aircraft carrier during the war. Since he often comes to our young people's Sunday services we think a program based on your article would make a fine memorial tribute to his brave fellow chaplains.

Edward Kuhnel, 14

Coincidence
Glens Falls, N. Y.

In your story, "Heartbreak House," not only does Dean Bressler's wife have the same name as mine, but we are the same age. It also occurs to me that she died on my birthday. I just had to write you, for it seems so odd to me.

Margaret Warren.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Copr. 1947 Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

ORDER BY MAIL FROM
florida fashions
THE 2 BIGGEST HITS OF THE YEAR
FLORITA and FAVORITA

ORDER BOTH FOR $5.50

JUNIOR SIZES 9 TO 15

Both dresses have the 12 row, elastic-shirred midriff to keep your waist tiny, to make the skirt billow out. Both are of colorfast, washable cotton. FLORITA — white dots on red or blue. FAVORITA — many colored fruit print on white. Remember! for $5.50 you can get 2 Floritas OR 2 Favoritas OR 1 Florita and 1 Favorita.

Write for FREE Style Folder
SEND NO MONEY
WE MAIL ON APPROVAL
Full satisfaction or money back

florida fashions
SANFORD 330 FLORIDA
Send C.O.D. "FLORITAS" and ___ "FAVORITAS" at $2.98 each or 2 for $5.50 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Returnable in 10 days for full refund if not satisfied. (You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price plus 20c for postage; same refund privilege.)
FLORITA Circle Size and Color:
9 11 13 15 Red Blue
FAVORITA Circle Size: 9 11 13 15
Name
Address Zone
City & State

Skin "itches" and irritations of summer

To be ready with quick relief keep handy a jar of soothing, world-famed Resinol Ointment.

Use freely, see how the medication eases itchy irritation of ivy poison, mosquito bites, sunburn, chafing . . . For added comfort bathe with mild Resinol Soap.

Get both today from any druggist

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

Step Up Old Favorites With Herbs

The More You Baste This Chicken Flavored With Herbs the Better It Tastes.

VEGETABLES, soups, stews, other old favorites take on new glamour when seasoned with a touch of savory herbs — fresh or dried. Try these recipes and you will discover you have been missing a lot of good eating.

Your choice of these delicious herb-flavored dishes will please the family, especially if fresh fruit or berries or your own special salad top off the menu.

Spring Chicken With Herbs

1 2½- to 3-lb. fryer
½ cup salad oil
2 tbsps. minced parsley
½ tsp. dried rosemary
½ tsp. dried savory
2 tbsps. minced onion
1 clove garlic, minced
1½ tsps. salt
Speck pepper
3 tbsps. flour
1½ cups milk

Order chicken cut up as for fricassee. Arrange in shallow baking pan; then brush with some of the salad oil. Bake in 500° F. oven about 30 min., or until golden-brown. Then reduce temperature to 300° F., and brush again with salad oil. Continue baking 15 min., basting frequently. Then add parsley, rosemary, savory, onion, garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, and pepper to rest of salad oil. Pour this mixture over chicken; bake until chicken is tender—about 15 min. longer. Now remove chicken to hot platter, stir flour and remaining salt into fat left in baking pan. Gradually add milk, while stirring. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened.

Pour gravy over chicken. Serve in rice ring. Serves 4.

Panned Carrots With Herbs

1 bunch carrots
½ cup boiling water
1½ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. dried basil
⅛ tsp. dried marjoram
⅛ tsp. dried savory
3 tbsps. butter

Scrape carrots; cut in quarters lengthwise, then in half cross-wise. Place in saucepan; add water, salt. Cook, covered, 20 min., or until tender. Drain. Add herbs and butter; heat. Serves 4.

Herb Cabbage Slaw

4 cups finely shredded green cabbage
½ tsp. salt
¾ tsp. dried thyme
2 tbsps. cut parsley
½ cup French dressing

Toss cabbage in salad bowl with salt, thyme, and parsley. Pour in dressing. Toss. Serves 4 or 5.

String Beans With Herb Sauce

1 lb. snap beans
¼ cup butter, fortified margarine, or salad oil
¾ cup minced onion
1 clove garlic, minced
¼ cup minced celery
¼ cup minced parsley
¾ tsp. dried rosemary
½ tsp. dried basil
¾ tsp. salt

Slice beans thin diagonally. Cook, covered in ½" boiling salted water until tender about 20 min. Meanwhile, heat butter; add onion, garlic, and celery, and saute 5 min. Add rest of ingredients; cover; simmer 10 min. Pour over drained beans; toss well. Serves 4.

French Peas

½ cup sliced scallions
2 tbsps. butter, or fortified margarine
2 cups shelled peas
½ tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. dried savory
¼ tsp. dried marjoram
1 tbsp. minced parsley
½ cup water
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Saute scallions in butter 5 min., until tender but not brown. Add peas, sugar, herbs, water, salt, and pepper, and cook, covered over low heat for 25 min., or until peas are tender. Serves 4.

Green-Salad Dressing

1½ tsps. dry mustard
2 tsps. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. paprika
2 cups salad oil
½ cup tarragon vinegar
¼ cup dry red wine
2 peeled cloves garlic
½ tsp. dried basil
½ cup minced parsley

Mix dry ingredients in a bowl. Stir in vinegar and wine, then oil. Add remaining ingredients. Store, covered, in refrigerator 24 hrs. Strain. Makes 3 cups.

Creme Vichysoisse

10 leeks
1 cup sliced onions
4 cups sliced pared potatoes
¼ cup butter or fortified margarine
1 qt. boiling water
5 chicken bouillon cubes
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 cups light cream
¼ tsp. nutmeg
Minced chives

Cut washed leeks and about 3" of their green tops into ½" slices. Melt butter in kettle. Add sliced leeks and onions, and saute until tender, but not brown.

Add potatoes, boiling water, bouillon cubes, salt and pepper. Simmer, covered, for 1½ hrs.

Strain all through fine sieve, pressing through as much of the vegetables as possible. Add cream and nutmeg.

Chill in refrigerator for 12 to 24 hrs. Stir once. Serve garnished with minced chives. Serves 6 to 8.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

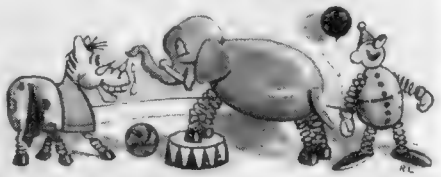
SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH Address, Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 982, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

(A) 7-Day Diet
(60) Gaylord Hauser Diet
(61) Famous Recipes
(62) New England Recipes
(63) Candy Recipes
(64) Quick Hot Breads
(65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
(70) Casserole Recipes
(71) Quickly Prepared Meals
(72) Good Curry Dishes
(73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
(74) Foreign Recipes
(75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
(76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
(77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
(78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
(79) New Cakes
(80) Desserts and Sweets
(81) Favorite Pie Recipes
(82) Pies and Pastries
(83) Favorite Soup Recipes
(84) Meat for Family Meals
(85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
(86) Delicious Vegetables
(88) Almanac Potato Recipes
(89) Popular Salad Recipes
(90) Salads and Dressings
(91) Almanac Cookies
(92) New Cookies
(93) Almanac Picnic Recipes
(94) Keep Cool Dinner Dishes
(95) Almanac Preserve Recipes
(96) Canning, Drying Recipes
(97) Iced Drinks & Desserts

Small Folk's Party



A Circus Banquet

Brown Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches (Cut in animal figures with cookie cutter)
Orange Marmalade Sandwiches
Orange Ice Cream Flower Pots *Party Circus Cakes*
Lemonade

Party Circus Cakes

Make or buy cup cakes and frost with pastel colored icing. Place animal crackers around the base of cakes when icing is still moist enough for them to stick. An additional cracker can be placed on top of the cake.

Orange Ice Cream Flower Pots

1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup cold water
1 cup orange juice
1½ tbsps. grated orange rind
1 cup heavy cream
1 egg yolk
Semi-sweet chocolate

Boil sugar and water 6 min. Beat orange juice, orange rind, ½ cup of the cream, and egg yolk together in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water for 10 min. Fold in sugar syrup and chill. Add remaining ½ cup cream, whipped. Freeze in 1-qt. crank freezer, using 8 parts crushed ice to 1 part ice cream salt. Serves 4. Use egg white in cooked icing.

Arrange paper cups or waxed paper in very small, clean flower pots which you can secure from your local florist or hardware store. Then fill them with the ice cream. Grate semi-sweet chocolate over the ice cream to represent soil. Chocolate shot can also be used, if desired. Place several small clean twigs into the "earth" and place a small colored gumdrop on the tip of each branch to represent a flowering plant or tree.

"New modern ov..."

"Excuse my interrupting, Miss, but we must consider how Krispy Crackers achieve their unexcelled flakiness."

"And how is that, Sir?"

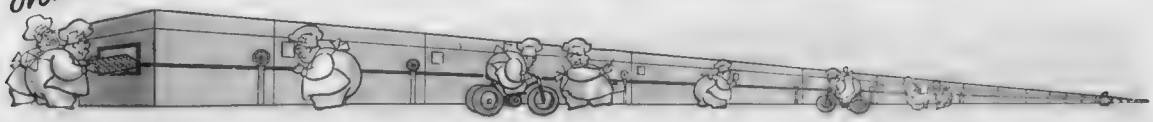
"Ingredients, my dear... ingredients, the very, very finest!... And, Miss... Miss... what *is* your name anyway?"

"Anne, Sir."

"Well, Miss Anne, just see that your mother gives proper consideration to our wonderful crackers and that she serves them *all through the meal!*"

...all through the meal!

Baked in the longest and largest ovens in the world!



FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF *Sunshine Biscuits,* INC.

"GOSH, SIS, you make cleaning look so easy!"

It is easy to clean a Bon Ami-smooth basin or bathtub! So why risk the scratches—*dirt-traps*, really—that ordinary gritty cleansers leave? Fine, white Bon Ami simply *slides* dirt and grease away in jiff-time . . . actually *polishes* as it cleans . . . leaves hands unroughened. It's the finer, faster cleanser for kitchen and bath. (Comes in both *Powder* and *Cake*.)

Bon Ami

THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that "hasn't scratched yet!"

In olden days people received news from town criers. The modern way is via newspapers and radio!

Clorox is the modern bleach . . . good news for every housewife!

CLOROX whitens and brightens EXTRA-GENTLY, reduces rubbing, conserves fabrics!

Do today's linen prices lead you to think twice about laundering care? Use Clorox . . . and give them extra protection. For Clorox is modern . . . it's free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by an exclusive patented process. It bleaches extra-gently and reduces rubbing . . . helps preserve the beauty and prolong the life of linens. Your wash is fresh and sanitary, too. And for added health protection make bathrooms and kitchens Clorox-clean, for Clorox disinfects in routine cleansing. Directions on the label.

CLOROX *America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant*

FIRST in Quality . . . in Performance . . . in Preference!

BOON HOUSEHOLD CLEANER is another top-quality housekeeping aid. It wipes away dirt and grease, quickly, easily from washable surfaces. Excellent on autos. Safe on paint and hands. At your grocer's.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLOROX

The Epicure

BAKED REDFISH A LA CREOLE

By ADELAIDE VAN WEY

MY TRAVELS through the Deep South, in search of our native American country-folk music, took me into the bayous of Louisiana and the back streets of New Orleans. Here I discovered a rich treasure Creole music. But music was not my only love. My appetite had been whetted by the exotic touch of Creole foods and I set to work collecting traditional and rare dishes . . . luscious blends of foods from old Spain and France.

Adelaide Van Wey, Folk Singer and Lecturer, is a Native North Carolinian. Radio, Concert and Lecture Appearances and an Album of Creole Songs Have Established Her as an Authority on Folk Music.

Baked Redfish in White Wine a la Creole

4 or 5 lb. redfish (or sheepshead)
2 tbsps. flour
1 bayleaf
1 sprig thyme
½ bottle white wine
3 fresh ripe tomatoes
2 dozen small cooked shrimp
1 dozen oysters
½ can mushrooms
2 crackers dry toast cut in dice shape
2 sprigs parsley
2 tbsps. butter or margarine

Prepare the fish for cooking, seasoning inside and outside with salt and pepper. In large baking pan mix 1 tablespoon butter, the chopped onion, bayleaf and thyme. Place the fish on top and pour over it a half bottle of white wine. Cover closely and put the whole on top of stove. Bake from the bottom. When it begins to boil from below, turn the fish carefully without breaking and let it bake on the other side. (Average cooking time is 14 minutes a pound.) Blend another tablespoon butter with 2 tablespoons flour, brown lightly, add tomatoes, skinned and chopped fine, and the shrimp, ½ can mushrooms, and salt and pepper to taste. Let all cook about five minutes and then add to the gravy in which the fish is cooking, covering the fish with it.

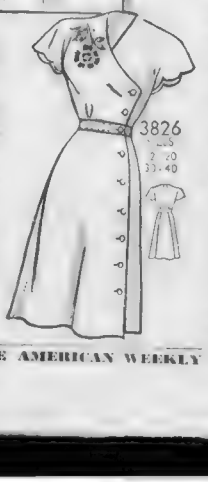
Parboil 1 dozen oysters and when fish is cooked, place it in serving dish and arrange the oysters around on small squares of dry toast. Cover the fish alternately with the shrimp and oysters as garnish. Sprinkle top with cracker crumbs and dot with butter. Brown under broiler.

Make These

3808—Saucy scallops are dainty; inset belt makes good fit. Becoming to the young growing form. Teen-age sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

3696—Playtime outfit — smart, well fitted midriff bra with shoulder ruffles, shorts; skirt; dress. Sizes 11-17; 12-18. Size 13, bra, shorts, 1⅞ yards 35-inch material.

3826—An attractive frock for summer. Its good lines are expensive looking. Easy to sew. Transfer included. Sizes 12-20; 30-40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch.



Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

for Greater Relief from Corns get TRIPLE-ACTION BLUE-JAY

with Pain-Curbing NUPERCAINE

Get amazing relief from torturing corns *3 ways* when you use Blue Jay Corn Plaster! *Instantly* its soft Dura-felt pad stops shoe pressure! Pain-curbing Nupercaine, exclusive with Blue-Jay, soothes away surface pain! Then gentle medication loosens hard irritating "core"—you just lift it out in a few days! Welcome relief 3 ways! Ask today for Blue-Jay —

"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. (Also's Brand of Lidocaine)

Division of The Kendall Company
Chicago 16

Even the most "regular" folks [illegible] need help on a vacation trip. It's [illegible] to be prepared for temporary [illegible] to changes in water, [illegible] . . . don't [illegible] for [illegible] tasting, gentle [illegible] KRUSCHEN

Kruschen is a blend of [illegible] which are also found in [illegible] waters of many [illegible] mineral springs. Its finely [illegible] formula offers these advantages:

EASY TO TAKE—Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing salin[illegible]

WORKS FAST—Usually within an [illegible] Does not spoil your day

GENTLE ACTION—Its formula is [illegible] anteed to act gently, without dis[illegible]

TIME-TESTED—Over 300,000,000 [illegible] ages sold throughout the world

Kruschen is conveniently av[illegible] at druggists everywhere. 35¢ to [illegible] NOW IN TWO FORMS: new sparkling, pleasant-tasting, mildly antacid effervescent Kruschen, and the [illegible] non-effervescent Kruschen. Simple directions for best results on every package. Caution: use only as directed

It's a Slick HAIR-REMOVING Trick!

Now rinse hair off in 5 minutes *without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!*

Amazing improvement—is the new NEET with *Lanolin*. Delightfully cool, creamy, pleasantly scented—new Neet works faster—better. You simply spread NEET on...rinse off in 5 short minutes. Then thrill to the super-smooth feel—the sleek look of your Neet-lovely legs. NEET removes hair closer to the follicle...avoids prickly razor stubble...keeps skin hair-free longer. Watch how much longer, each time you use NEET!

New Improved

Neet Cream HAIR REMOVER

Now with lanolin

Hollywood Hair Expert Tells How to DARKEN

GRAY HAIR

—and look years younger!

If streaked, gray or dull hair makes you look old, add natural-like color gradually just by brooming your hair with Herbold Pomade. Not greasy—but a clean stainless hair dressing (will not interfere with permanent) which, when applied into hair with fingertips, makes it lustrous and gradually darkens it to a youthful-looking color. Men, women, from coast to coast, tell how much younger they look after using it.

HERBOLD POMADE *Must Add Youthful-Looking Color to Gray, Streaked, Dull Hair—to your Absolute Satisfaction or . . .* **YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Use to condition and groom your hair. Watch your gray, streaked, dull hair grow darker. Unless satisfied that you look younger and your hair is in better condition, you get your money back! Get Herbold Pomade at Drug Stores or send $1.25 to Herbold Laboratories, Hollywood 46, Calif.

Have You Seen the Easy-to-Sew Pattern Feature in This Issue?

For Young Adults

By Sally Young

Cosmetics for the Young Adults Do Not, as a Rule, Need to Be Heavy, Expensive or Complicated.

THE young adult, that is, the young woman between the ages of 16 and 29, does not as a rule want nor need heavy, expensive, complicated cosmetics. Usually, she has no wrinkles to combat, few crow's feet and no lax muscle problems.

This Is for You

IF you're in this age group, you're undoubtedly looking for simple cosmetics, simple beauty lotions and creams and refreshingly scented bath preparations.

You may want dual-purpose cosmetics, a beauty lotion which can be used as a cleanser, an overnight skin soother and as a colorless make-up foundation.

If your skin calls for more lubrication, you'll be interested in a not-gooey overnight cream which may also double for a cleanser.

Troubled with a shiny nose? Remove the shine with a skin freshener.

In Good Taste

IF YOU like a slight tint under your powder you'll want a creamy make-up lotion. Add finely spun face powder, which, lo and behold, won't spill because it's been pressed into cake form. The rest of your make-up consists of rouge and matched lipstick, and a light touch of mascara, if you're out of school.

Special

WERE told there's a medicated lotion, designed for your age group to "do something" about tiny skin irritations. It's tinted so it can be worn during the day, with or without make-up.

And in the bath department steep yourself in luxurious bubbles. Match the scent with toilet water or a special cologne deodorant. In fact, this keynote of fragrance can be carried right through to soap, talc, hand lotion and shampoo.

Lovelier Teeth

THE American Dental Association has called our attention to a group of chemical compounds known as acrylic resins. One of the acrylic resins is used in dentistry for the construction of dentures, inlays, and crowns. The resin can be tinted so accurately that fillings defy detection.

According to E. W. Skinner, professor of physics at the Northwestern University Dental School, the appearance of these dental restorations is unparalleled.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 383, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair

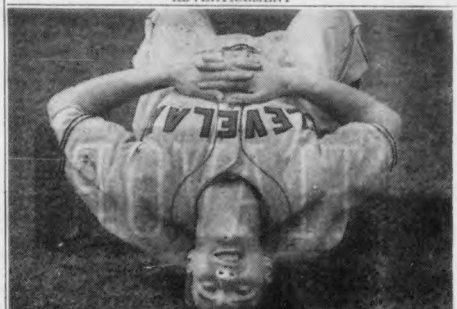
that Always-Fresh look

...with Woodbury Cold Cream

VIRGINIA MAYO
co-stars in
Samuel Goldwyn's Comedy
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY
in Technicolor

"Keep skin always beauty-clean with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Virginia. "So clean-cleansing, skin looks fresh-lovely...smooth!" Four rich oils in Woodbury ...it's your luxury-rich night cream, too! Softens dryness. You'll see...by morning, skin looks Woodbury-Wonderful!

ADVERTISEMENT



BOB FELLER *does a "wrestler's bridge." Special exercises important in his training program. Important, too, is Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Real nourishment in Wheaties. Flakes of 100% whole wheat. With vitamins, minerals. Food-energy. Had your Wheaties today?*

HERE'S ICED COFFEE

WITH THE FLAVOR YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!

If you've always longed for iced coffee that would taste like the best cup of hot coffee in the world—Nescafé* is for you! Why? Because:

1. Here's the secret: Only Nescafé has a secret, patented way to brew *extra-flavored* coffee from the choicest coffee beans and to *seal in* the flavor! Yes, in making Nescafé we brew fine, *pure* coffee, add carbohydrates to seal in the flavor, then powder it for your convenience. The flavor *stays* true and fresh until the instant *you* release it in the cup!

2. Nescafé is so packed with true, rich flavor you can make it extra strong without bitterness—so that even after ice is added you get *all* the flavor, *all* the life of really fine coffee!

Try iced Nescafé today! And don't forget that Nescafé makes the best-tasting *hot* coffee, too—for only about 1¢ a cup! You just put a teaspoonful in a cup and add hot water. That's all!

That's why more people drink NESCAFÉ than any other instant coffee!

So easy...so fast...and so good! To make perfect, full-flavored iced coffee, just put 1½ rounded teaspoonfuls of Nescafé in a tall glass. Keep spoon in. Half-fill glass with hot water to *bring out the full, rich flavor.* Stir. Add ice. Mm! Mm!

THE FLAVOR CAN'T BE MATCHED BECAUSE ONLY NESCAFÉ HAS THE SECRET

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of Nestlé's Milk Products, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

PAIN OF CORNS
REMOVED FASTER BY LIQUID METHOD
"Modern folks are changing from old-fashioned ways to fast-acting liquid "Gets-It." One cooling drop starts at once to relieve angry corn pain.
GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

LOOK
For spots on drapes, upholstery—quick the Mufti bottle! Mufti gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients . . . cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—in a jiffy!
NOT 1 BUT 4
MUFTI DRY CLEANER
MUFTI SPOT REMOVER

Softens
PROBLEM COMPLEXIONS
If rough, dull skin is your complexion problem, try softening, bleaching effect of reliable Kremola *Medicated* Cream. Successful for 40 years in lightening, brightening the skin. Helps soften blackheads for removal.
Kremola FOR PROBLEM COMPLEXIONS

ATHLETE'S FOOT
TRACKED INTO YOUR HOME
CAN INFECT YOUR WHOLE FAMILY
DANGER!
Get Quick Relief Today!
Athlete's Foot can infect your whole family. Never wait. At first sign of itching, cracked, raw or peeling skin between toes or on the feet—get Dr. Scholl's Solvex. It acts in 4 effective ways:
1. Quickly relieves intense itching.
2. Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
3. Aids in prevention of spreading.
4. Helps promote natural healing.
Dr. Scholl's Solvex (Liquid, Ointment or Powder) only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.
Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

Dog's best friend
PESTROY
DDT POWDER
39¢ 3 OZ.
KILLS FLEAS
LONG LASTING!
PRODUCT OF SHERWIN-WILLIAMS RESEARCH

TO GIRLS WHO WANT "COME HITHER" SKIN
CUTICURA usually shows thrilling results in 7 days!
Try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment routine used by so many girls with externally caused pimples and blackheads. You too may be amazed at prompt results. At all druggists. For FREE Ointment sample and directions, write Cuticura, Dept. A-176, Malden 48, Mass.

a radio that fits the room

By Doris Denison

WHEN you go out to buy a new radio, remember that you are buying a piece of furniture as well as a piece of equipment. Buy a good instrument from a technical point of view, but also one which fits into your home, decoratively speaking. It is perfectly possible to combine these two elements—the functional and the decorative—from the wide variety of well designed radio cabinets on the market today.

Console Models

GENERALLY speaking, the console radio-phonograph may be considered the "family" radio, and, as such, goes into the living room. Fine new cabinets are available now, styled in different periods to fit any room setting. Modern pieces are simple, straightlined and have a forthright appeal.

If your room is primarily 18th century, you will fall in love with the exquisite Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Chinese Chippendale models which will become part of your room with a genuine air of belonging. For those who do not care about periods, there are many cabinets which will harmonize with almost any room setting and are simple exponents of classic beauty which properly belong anywhere.

Other Types

RADIO - PHONOGRAPH cabinets come in many forms beside the console models which you are accustomed to seeing. Step-tables, for example, are making their appearance. The radio is in the upper portion while the lower table has a panel which slides back to expose the phonograph.

You can also have your radio concealed in an end table which may even have collapsible sides. If you like matching end tables, you can buy a pair of them—one of which is a radio-phonograph, and the other a record cabinet.

Then there are the table models which combine both radio and phonograph. Since they take up little room, they are particularly desirable if you are overcrowded.

For your bedroom, there are attractive pieces which look like night tables, and many table models with lovely wood finishes to blend with the woods you already have.

For wee folk there are midget models, very attractive and appropriate in a child's room. Naturally, they go in other rooms too. They seem to fit in all sorts of nooks and cranies where you have always wished you had a radio and now you can.

Plastic Models

PERHAPS you have seen the new plastic models. Their colors are sparkling bright and shining, and they have a tendency toward smart, simple lines which fit well into a kitchen. If your cooking area is a little on the old-fashioned side this type will give it a lift. Of course, it goes without saying that in a modern kitchen a plastic model is a natural.

Portables are for porches and picnics and motor boats—and a thousand other spots. Mother will love having one to take out to the yard when she reads or sews, and Johnny will have just as big a yen for a good companion on camping trips.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self - addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 282, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

Read it and . . . beware:
Heart Disease goes hand-in-hand with OVERWEIGHT!

Warnings of the danger of overweight are frequent, these days. You read, in newspapers and magazines, the fact that more than 7 million Americans suffer from heart disease and its "first cousins," arteriosclerosis and high blood pressure. And that it is fatal to *two* overweights for every underweight, as insurance figures prove.

Alarming? Yes. Doctors say that often heart disease is *caused* by the very burden of these excess pounds. But there is a bright side to the picture. They say, too, that by far the greatest cause of overweight is eating more food than you require — especially as you grow older and less active.

So, if you are fat-and-forty, and your overweight is from this common cause, you are lucky! Removing the fat will also help remove the danger.

Heed these warnings. See your doctor, and follow his advice. It may literally add years to your life, and help you avoid heart disease, diabetes and all the other ills excess fat invites.

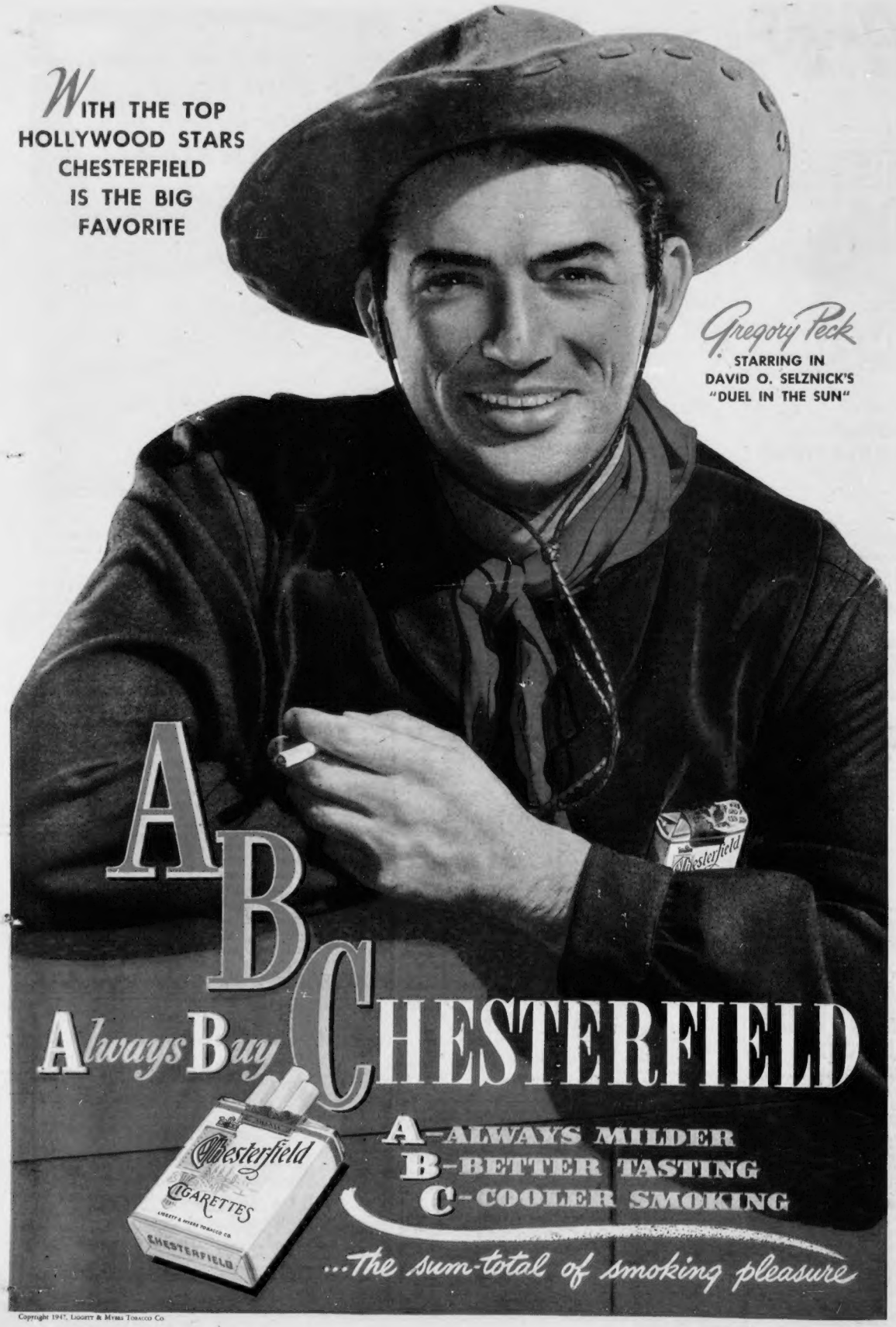
As easy reducing method for the overweight person in normal health, is the Ry-Krisp Plan, approved by many doctors. No rigid dieting, no strenuous exercise. Just eat sensibly of protective foods, enjoy 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread. Ry-Krisp supplies regulating bulk and vitamin B_1 . . . and it's delicious!

FREE! **"Design for Reducing," gives complete reducing plans for men and women. Write RY-KRISP, 203 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.**

OVER A MILLION WOMEN
ORDERED PATTERNS
FROM THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Yes, last year, more than a million women made fashionable clothes for themselves and their families with patterns they ordered from The American Weekly. The American Weekly pattern feature appears in this and every issue.

WITH THE TOP HOLLYWOOD STARS CHESTERFIELD IS THE BIG FAVORITE



Gregory Peck
STARRING IN
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
"DUEL IN THE SUN"

A B C

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

A—ALWAYS MILDER
B—BETTER TASTING
C—COOLER SMOKING

...The sum-total of smoking pleasure

Copyright 1947, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.